The Hand of Jesus

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

CHARLES PARKER LOMBARD

1845-1913

MINISTER OF

FIRST CHURCH, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

THE GIFT OF HIS WIFE

Charles P. Lombard

Bulfinch Place Chapel
March 3rd 1872 } Joined the Church

From Miss Bacon.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/handofjesus0000revj

THE

HAND OF JESUS.

BY

REV. J. CHAPLIN, D.D.

"Looking unto Jesus."

HEB. xii. 2.

Property of
CBSK
Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library

BOSTON:
GEO. C. RAND & AV. GRAVES,
No. 20 CORNHILL.

BT
306.49
C52
1868

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

J. CHAPLIN,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE

BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

19 Spring Lane.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. THE HAND OF JESUS.	9
POETRY.—The Master's Touch.	14
II. THE HELPING HAND.	15
POETRY.—A present Help.	21
Who shall deliver me?	22
Come to me.	23
Evening Meditations.	24
III. THE UPLIFTING HAND.	27
POETRY.—Prayer for Strength.	36
Life's Mystery.	38
O Silent Lamb.	39
Jesus passeth by.	41
He Bids us come.	42
Weariness and Rest.	43
What then?	45
IV. THE PROVIDING HAND.	47
POETRY.—Have Faith	55
All in Christ.	55

PAGE

THE PROVIDING HAND (*continued*).

The Good Shepherd. 75
Closer to Thee. 58
Dost Thou not care? 60
Trust and Rest. 61

V. THE SERVING HAND. 63

POETRY. — Serving God. 68
Sacred Silence. 69
O Lamb of God. 71
Christ's Service. 72
The Water and the Flower. . . . 73

VI. THE GUIDING HAND. 77

POETRY. — My Hand in Christ's. 86
Lead, Saviour, lead. 87
The Lot of Life. 88
He Leads us on. 89
Lead me aright. 90

VII. THE HEALING HAND. 93

POETRY. — Abide in me. 101
Jesus, help conquer! 102
Why dost thou wait? 104

VIII. THE LIFE-GIVING HAND. 107

POETRY. — Fellowship in Suffering. . . . 114
If Thou, true Life, wilt in me live . 116
Long plunged in Sorrow. . . . 117

PAGE

THE LIFE-GIVING HAND (*continued*).

Why weepest thou? . . . 118
I'm going Home. 120
Jesus Christ our Lord. . . 122
The Word. 124
The Golden Palace. . . . 125

IX. THE PRESERVING HAND. 127

POETRY.—The Secret. 133
Rest, sweetly Rest. . . . 134
Jesus only. 135
"The E'en brings a' Hame." . . 136
Jesus cares. 137
"Take up thy Cross and follow Me." 138
Bear Thou my Burden. . . 139
"O Lord, how happy is the Time." . 141
The Good Shepherd. . . . 143
Amid the Shadows and the Fears. . 144
The Safe Refuge. . . . 146
The Fearful Disciples. . . . 147

X. THE BLESSING HAND. 149

POETRY.—The Third Son. 160
Resignation. 162
Eva. 164
Comfort. 165
The Blessing of Jesus. . . . 166
My Saviour. 168

PAGE

THE BLESSING HAND (*continued*).

Christ the King of Glory. . . 169
Thy Presence. 171
The Saviour. 172
Evening Hymn. 174

XI. THE KNOCKING HAND. . . . 177

POETRY.—Knocking, ever Knocking. . . 187
Love to my Lord. . . . 189
The Garden of God. . . . 190

XII. THE WINNOWING HAND. . . . 193

POETRY.—Longings. 199
He Goeth before them. . . 200

XIII. THE CROWNING HAND. 203

POETRY.—The Undiscovered Country. . 209
The Answer. 210
Our Titles. 211
Not here. 213
Light in Darkness. . . . 215
"So shall we ever be with the Lord." . 216
To the Mark. 217
Not now. 219
The Soldier's Home. . . . 221
Following Christ. 222
"Forever with the Lord." . . 224
The Christian's Death. . . . 226

PAGE

THE CROWNING HAND (*continued*).

Martyrs' Song. 228
Seed-time and Harvest. . . . 230
Waiting for Christ. . . . 232
The Lord's Day. 233
A Prayer to Christ. . . . 235
Things hoped for. 237
"Cling to the Mighty One." . 240

The Hand of Jesus.

THE HAND OF JESUS.

THE hand is the symbol of power, of friendship, of plighted faith, of charity, of protection and benediction.

It reveals by its delicate or majestic movements the spirit that is within. It has a language of its own, often full of meaning, and easily interpreted. It gives outward expression to the inward sentiments and emotions. It obeys the promptings of the heart, and executes the mandates of the will. Such is the human hand.

What shall we say of the HAND OF JESUS? His, too, was the hand of a brother, and also of a king. From what his hand did and suffered we may learn much of his heart. And what a revelation! what lofty and generous thoughts, what sweet and kindly sympathies, what pure unselfishness, what tenderness,

what compassion, and, through and over all, what wonderful proofs of the indwelling Deity! His hand was ever busy, ever open, ever ready to extend its welcome, to offer its support, to convey its blessing, ever declaring, in mute but impressive eloquence, the infinite love of Heaven.

It was a pierced hand. It bore, and still bears, the marks of cruelty and agony. It tells us of the love of Jesus even unto death. It tells of the cross, of atonement and reconciliation, of restored friendship between heaven and earth.

It is the symbol of the incarnation. It brings before us the eternal God in the likeness of men, touching and quickening our dead humanity, and drawing it up to his bosom.

Well, then, may the Christian love to think of the hand of our elder Brother, though withdrawn from sight, as still busy for our good — the expressive and touching sign of his living presence and ever-active love. It is not to us a mere figure of speech, when we

say that it is still stretched forth to guide, protect, and bless us.

It is our exceeding joy to know that Jesus has never parted with his humanity. He bore it up with him into heaven, and there it exists, a perpetual and precious link between him and his disciples. The same loving hand that once was laid upon the sick to heal them is still busy in its ministry of love, and is one day to extend its welcome to each guest at the great marriage feast. To feel the pressure of that hand were a heaven itself.

In several places in the New Testament the hand of Jesus is mentioned in connections which reveal much of his character and mission, and suggest many precious thoughts of his still active personal presence among his people. Indeed, these passages may be regarded as in a sense representative of his office as a heaven-sent Messenger of peace and good-will to man. It has been our pleasing task to gather out these instructive portions, and to draw from them such reflections as may be welcome and edifying to Christian pilgrims.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To wake the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

BONAR.

The Helping Hand.

AND when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when evening came, he was there alone. But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went to them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit. And they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake to them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid. And Peter, answering him, said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water. And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But seeing the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried out, saying, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said to him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? And when they had entered into the ship, the wind ceased. — Matt. xiv. 23-32.

THE HELPING HAND.

THAT scene of terror, that upspringing yet faltering faith, that beginning to sink and that timely succor, — what a picture of human weakness and misery, of heavenly mercy and might!

Ah, sooner or later there is for each of us a Sea of Galilee, a night of gloom and tempest, when the wind is contrary, and no star appears; when we not only make no headway, but seem ready to perish. There are times of peculiar helplessness, when all our wonted supports give way, and all our strength is gone. Everything is against us; so we imagine, and are in great fear. This is the very time for Jesus. So long as he lives we may hope. Upon the boisterous sea of our

trials he can come to our rescue. He will come in answer to our cry of faith. We shall find grace to help in our time of need. No matter how dark the night, how fierce the wind; the eye of Jesus can penetrate the gloom, his ear catch the faint accents which break from our trembling hearts, his hand bring deliverance. There is nothing too hard for Jesus. He is mighty to save. He has ways of helping beyond human thought — resources of blessing absolutely unlimited. Our very weakness is the plea that touches his heart. The bruised reed will he not break, the smoking flax will he not quench. Only let us be sensible of our weakness, and cast a look of faith to Jesus, and we are authorized to say, When we are weak, then are we strong. To such Jesus gives a helping hand. His imparted grace is found sufficient for every time of need. The history of the church sets its seal to the inspired statement — "out of weakness were made strong."

But not alone in what may seem to us the hours of extraordinary trial do we need the

helping hand of Jesus. When we are the most self-confident we may be the nearest to disaster. Our boasted successes may prove to be humiliating failures. What we do in our own strength had better been left undone. There is no true, no real life but in Christ; for without him we can do nothing spiritually good. We need his help at every turn. Else why are we taught to pray without ceasing? Go not forth, then, to your daily task, however simple or easy it may appear to be, without asking Jesus to help you in it; that you may do it well, do it as a Christian, do it so as to please God and be a blessing to your fellowmen. Whatever should be done at all should be done well: ask Jesus to give you a clear head, an honest conscience, a loving heart, a firm purpose; especially that love which lightens every burden, dignifies all toil, and consecrates your calling, be it lofty or lowly, to the glory of God. That will be living to purpose.

Remember that even in the calmest hours, in the common routine of business, sudden

difficulties or dangers may arise. Invisible forces of evil infest our daily paths, and intrude into our most quiet solitudes. There may be contrary winds to drive us from our true course, powerful foes to tempt or terrify us, which the ear hears not or the eye sees not. O Eye that never slumbers, O Hand that never wearies, watch over and guard us, interpose between us and danger. Help us when we are most helpless as most insensible to our peril.

If such is the sweet habit of the soul, to thus trust in Jesus even in quiet times, then, when the storm arises, and we are torn from our moorings, adrift on a raging sea, we are safe. We know whom we have believed. His hand is on the helm, and all is safe.

A PRESENT HELP.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Saviour down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depth can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

WHITTIER.

WHO SHALL DELIVER ME?

GOD strengthen me to bear myself;
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

All others are outside myself:
I lock my door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

If I could once lay down myself,
And start, self-purged, upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself —
This coward, with pathetic voice,
Who craves for ease, and rest, and joys; —

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog, whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

COME TO ME.

"Oh, when wilt thou come unto me?" — Psalm ci. 2.

OME to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dew-drops in the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon,
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of thy dear face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

Come to me in the evening shade;
And if my heart from thee have strayed,
Oh, bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like thine evening star.

Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds her balmy power;
Let my lone spirit find its rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour, bid me come to thee,
That where thou art thy child may be.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

THE twilight falls; the night is near:
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day —

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call,
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross—

Thou knowest all. I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad a while to tread
The path, since Jesus knows.

And he has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding on his breast
Who knows and pities all.

The Uplifting Hand.

AND one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; and wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him; and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away: and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not. He answereth him, and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I bear with you? how long shall I suffer you? Bring him unto me. And they brought him unto him: and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed, foaming. And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child. And ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters to destroy him; but if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him; insomuch that many said, He is dead. *But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose.* — Mark ix. 17–27.

THE UPLIFTING HAND.

WHATEVER the form or degree of human suffering or degradation, Jesus has power to reach and relieve it. In the case before us, a child lay helpless, as if dead, overpowered by a demon. But the hand of Jesus lifted him up. "And he arose."

Alas! our poor humanity is oppressed with many woes, in all varieties of form and degree. The experience of the psalmist, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," tells the sad story of multitudes. A long procession of mourners from his day to ours have taken up the same lament, and poured out their anguish before God. They were safe and happy in their nest, and thought not of evil. But in a moment — a moment never to be forgotten — all is changed. The bright

sky is suddenly overcast, and the whole scene is drear and desolate. A blow has fallen just where it was least expected and could least be borne. It has struck deep into the soul Fond hopes, cherished through long years are terribly crushed, the brightest light of the heart extinguished forever. The circumstances of the trial present features of peculiar aggravation, and cast over it a dark veil of mystery. At first perhaps the mind is stunned into a sort of insensibility, or seems to itself to have suddenly awaked from a horrid dream. Can it be true? Has this calamity indeed overtaken me? Is there not the possibility of mistake? But the dread reality at length bursts upon the mind, as when David knew that his favorite son was dead, and he would not be comforted, but preferred death to life.

If the sorrow is over a smitten child, a child of many prayers and many hopes, the parent's heart melts with exceeding tenderness. A part of his own being seems taken away. He cannot understand why his child should be torn from him, and so rudely,

in a manner so lacerating to his heart. A brood of gloomy doubts enter in and threaten to drive out all faith and hope. Despair seems to be settling down upon the soul. Can there be a kind Father in heaven? Is there a special Providence watching over all? Does not blind, inexorable fate rule in the affairs of the world?

But Jesus, our sympathizing High Priest, is not indifferent to the sorrows of his prostrate disciple. Be assured he hears your every groan, he measures the whole extent of your misery. It was he who, in wisdom and love, permitted the blow to fall, and he has the will and the power to lift you up. The blessed Comforter, whom Jesus promised to his disciples, shall turn your heart for consolation to your Elder Brother, and he will not disappoint you. He has brought you face to face with the deep things of God, and awakened questions which must have an answer; for never before were God and Christ and Eternity such realities as now. You are doing business in great waters.

You look, then, to Jesus to lift you up. Under the guidance of his Spirit you are, perhaps, led to reason thus with yourself: Jesus can bring relief in either of two ways. He can, if he will, restore what he has taken. He did thus for the widow of Nain and the sisters in Bethany. If for them, why not for me? His power is unquestionable, and also his love. "He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." Why does he not give back my child? This would fill my heart with unutterable joy. But this I am not to expect. He has not encouraged such a hope. It is not his ordinary way. There is another and a better one — better in the highest sense, better in the long run, better, all things considered, — and that is, to give me grace to bear the loss, to say with true resignation, Thy will be done; yea, more, to rejoice that God rules, and to say, He doeth all things well. What he chooses to retain I would not recall. He knows what is best, and blessed be his name.

Thus, though the mystery may be unex-

plained, yet somehow, says the believer, my heart is comforted. The sacrifice on Calvary tells me that God is love, that Jesus is love incarnate, and that all mysteries must have a satisfactory solution. I rest in Jesus. He gave himself for me, and I know that he loves me. It was not blind fate, but a Father's hand, that brought me down into the dark valley; and that same hand can and will bring me up — up to a higher plane of spiritual life, to purer and more unselfish joy, to a firmer and more childlike faith, to a fuller consecration to God, and an increased ability to imitate my blessed Master in ministering consolation to his afflicted "brethren." Surely this were better than to bring back my child to life, with its cares, sorrows and temptations. In a few years I trust to meet him in the world of perfect bliss.

Thus does Jesus take me by the hand, and I arise. Now can I tell to all afflicted souls, There is no hand like the hand of Jesus to lift you up, and establish your goings. Thus may they be comforted with the

comforts wherewith I myself was comforted of God.

You may, dear disciple, be so oppressed and embarrassed that you are not only brought to a stand, knowing not where next to place your foot, wholly in the dark, but may, in consequence, feel like sinking down, faint and discouraged. In these circumstances you not only need a guide to point out the way, or open the door of deliverance, but a friend to lift you up, and put courage into your heart to go forward in the path of duty. Jesus is such a friend. His hand can not only lead you, but lift you up. He can strengthen you even to *run* the race set before you.

Looking at the world at large, we see the need of such a hand as that of Jesus. The world needs to be lifted up. Millions are sunk low in ignorance, vice and wretchedness; and some there are, the Pharisees of society, who say of them, They are too far down to be ever reached and elevated, they are past hope; while others believe in the gradually ameliorating influence of science, commerce, and the

spirit of the age to bring up the degraded masses. But, O Jesus, thy heart, and thine alone, is large enough to embrace a world, and thy hand strong enough to lift it up to God. What thou hast already done is a proof of what thou canst do, and a pledge of what thou wilt do. Thou hast begun the work, and wilt complete it. The gospel is the power of God. Its sufficiency to raise up and clothe with spiritual beauty the most debased and deformed has been abundantly tested during many centuries and in many lands. Jesus has gathered many a star to deck his crown, from the foulest dens of iniquity. His blood cleanses from all sin. He can save unto the uttermost. Let us pray for a stronger faith in his power to help mankind. He has connected the exercise of that power with the faith of his disciples. O Lord, increase our faith. This should be the great cry of the church, as she looks out upon a world lying in wickedness and sighing for deliverance.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

ATHER, before thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to thee,
For aid, for strength, to thee appealing —
Thee, who alone canst succor me.

Hear me; for heart and flesh are failing,
My spirit yielding in the strife;
And anguish, wild as unavailing,
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow;
Help me to bear thy chastening rod;
Give me endurance; let me borrow
Strength from thy promise, O my God.

Not mine the grief which words may lighten;
Not mine the tears of common woe;
The pang with which my heart-strings tighten
Only th' All-seeing One may know.

And I am weak; my feeble spirit
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay;
Yet not that thou that task wouldst spare it,
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul thy might infusing,
Strengthening my spirit by thine own,
Help me — all other aid refusing —
To cling to thee, and thee alone.

And oh, in my exceeding weakness,
Make thy strength perfect: thou art strong;
Aid me to do thy will with meekness,
Thou, to whom all my powers belong.

Saviour, our human form once wearing,
Help by the memory of that day,
When, painfully thy dark cross bearing,
E'en for a time thy strength gave way.

Beneath a lighter burden sinking,
Jesus, I cast myself on thee;
Forgive, forgive this useless shrinking
From trials that I know must be.

Oh, let me feel that thou art near me,
Close to my side; I shall not fear:
Hear me, O Strength of Israel; hear me;
Sustain and aid; in mercy hear.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

IFE'S mystery — deep, restless as the ocean —
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow:
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee.

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain:
Ah, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee.

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding — not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining:
No crushing fate — no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands, —
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in thee.

Thy piercéd hand guides the mysterious wheels;
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of peace;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with me one hour."
As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in thee.

H. B. Stowe.

O SILENT LAMB.

O SILENT LAMB, for me thou hast endured, —
Jesus, thou holy, perfect, sinless One:
Thy grief and bitter anguish have secured
My soul's salvation when this race is run.
Then let me, to thine image true,
Thus meekly suffer, with the crown in view.

The narrow way, that leads us up to heaven,
Must here through strife and tribulation lie;
Then on the thorny path may strength be given,
This sinful flesh, O Lord, to crucify.
Oh, take this feebleness away,
And make me strong to bear each future day.

Here daily crosses come to try our weakness,
Here every member must some burden bear;
But O, my Saviour, if I take with meekness
The cross appointed by thy love and care,
Too great, too long, it will not be,
For it is weighed and measured out by thee.

If thus we journey patiently through sadness,
Each grief will make us dearer to our Lord;
But if we flee the cross in search of gladness,
We cannot shun his dread avenging sword.
Oh, blesséd they who hear the call,
Who take the cross and follow, leaving all.

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

JESUS PASSETH BY.

WATCHER, who wakest by the bed of pain,
While stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath, lest his sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a Helper nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no man takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearth-stones are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
There is one can tell of a home on high:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy heart that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
The seal of pardon for days of sin,
Press on, press on with thy prayerful cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner, who sittest in churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,

Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead,
Look up from the tomb, with thy tearful eye:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Fading one, with the hectic streak
In thy vein of fire and thy wasted cheek,
Fear'st thou the shade of the darkened vale?
Look to the Guide who can *never* fail:
He hath trod it himself; he will hear thy cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

HE BIDS US COME.

Matt. xiv. 28, 29.

E bids us come; his voice we know,
And boldly on the waters go
To him, our Christ and Lord.
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
For he who died to set us free
Hath called us by his word.

Secure from troubled waves we tread,
Nor all the storms around us heed,
While to our Lord we look.
O'er every fierce temptation bound
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

But if from him we turn our eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel our fears within,
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink us into sin.

Lord, we our unbelief confess;
Our little spark of faith increase,
That we may doubt no more,
But fix on thee our steady eye,
And on thine outstretched arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

WEARINESS AND REST.

SAVIOUR, I come to thee,
A weary child, with pain and care oppressed;
Oh, let me lean this aching, burdened heart
Upon thy loving breast!

The way is very dark;
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my fears;
Take thou my hand, and draw me up to thee,
Through all the lonely years.

I have no strength, dear Lord.
  Oh, let me lie where I can touch thy feet,
And gaze up from the dust into thine eyes,
  That are so true and sweet.

And come, oh, come, to me!
  And raise me to thine arms, and teach me there
The strange, deep secrets of thy love, and bend
  To listen to my prayer.

Speak to me soft and low:
  My spirit yearneth for one little word
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life —
  One word from thee, my Lord.

Speak to me, O my God:
  There are sweet voices falling on my ear,
Long known, long loved; but in my inmost soul
  Their tones I cannot hear.

But thou wilt speak to me;
  And, as the river falls into the sea,
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart
  Shall find its rest in thee.

WHAT THEN?

HAT then? Why, then another pilgrim song;
And then a hush of rest divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage, (ah me, so long!)
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind,
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water-cruse to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire:
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "*I* will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins his pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes his loving-kindness;
For darkest shades the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then a deep and darkly-rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile forever and forever.

The Providing Hand.

IN those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and saith unto them, I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat; and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way: for divers of them came from far. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness? And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven. And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground; *and he took the seven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his disciples* to set before them. So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets. And they that had eaten were about four thousand. — Mark viii. 1–9.

THE PROVIDING HAND.

BEHOLD the compassion and power of Jesus! In his hand the few loaves, one by one, grew into more than a sufficiency for a great multitude, who, being long and far from home, had nothing to eat. The fragments were more than the original supply.

Such examples of what Jesus did are not to be regarded as altogether exceptional, peculiar to that long past age in which he lived in Palestine. They are, indeed, stupendous miracles, and as such their repetition is not to be expected. But they are revelations of that Jesus who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever — who is the perpetually living Christ. They show what a "wonderful" Being has come into the world. They prove

how merciful is his heart, and how bountiful his hand. They are so many encouragements to our faith, that in all our times of need, in our sorest extremities, when our ordinary sources of supply are utterly exhausted, and we have "nothing to eat," there is One whose hand is not shortened nor stinted, and who, by ways and means within the reach of his omniscience and omnipotence, can meet our necessities. Surely he who fed thousands in the desert with a few loaves, and who is now Head over all things to his church, can so control the elements of nature, and so influence human hearts, that his disciples, even when reduced to the straitened condition of the prophet of Israel, may find a brook at which to quench their thirst, and have ravens bring them meat. To him that believeth, all things are possible. Numberless are the instances, in the history of the children of God, in which prayer has, as it were, opened windows in heaven, and caused springs to break out in the desert. Often has relief come at just such a moment and in just such

measure as to furnish delightful proof of the existence of a living Jesus, the same merciful and almighty Friend as in the days of old.

Jesus can even "set a table before you in the presence of your enemies." They stand by ready to exult over you as forsaken and friendless, and your own heart is beginning to despond. But behold! the Master, who had witnessed your fidelity to his cause, will not permit them to triumph over you. In the very presence of your taunting foes he supplies your wants, so that they are compelled to see — what you with humble gratitude delight to acknowledge — the interposing hand of Providence, which is the hand of Jehovah-Jesus.

In all our endeavors to do good to others we may trust the same providing hand. When we have laid our plans in prayer, taking the hand of the Master, that, like him and with him, we may go about doing good, and our resources at any time fail us, our means are crippled and our hopes seem baffled, we are encouraged to believe that that hand which has guided us can

and will provide for us. Jesus has not led us thus far to mock our trust. He has secret treasures from which he can draw, hidden doors which he can open and no man shut, which he can shut and no man open.

The history of churches and of institutions of Christian charity is full of most interesting illustrations of the power and munificence of the providing hand of Jesus. He rewards the work of faith and the labor of love. He honors the faith which his people repose in him; he answers the drafts which they make upon his bounty. Sometimes, in dreams of the night, he has troubled the mind of a rich disciple with thoughts of some institution of sacred learning or benevolence, or some feeble and faithful church, perhaps far distant, struggling under a heavy burden, so that he could not rest until he had given it relief by a generous benefaction. It was the hand of Jesus that did it. He has but to touch the secret springs known only to himself, and only within his reach, and hearts are aroused, and treasures flow forth in abundance. Numberless

have been the sweet surprises which have revealed the presence of the ever-living, ever-active Christ, and his deep interest in all the self-denying labors of his disciples. Perhaps, at the last moment, when all human hope had died out, and help must come now or all is lost, Jesus, in answer to the tearful pleadings of his people, has stepped in, and poured from his hand the present supply, — no more, no less, — enough to reveal the hand that gave it, enough to prevent disaster, and to encourage perseverance, in the joyful confidence of future supplies.

But, O disciple, think not that the providing hand of Jesus is needed only in peculiar emergencies. Your hand is strong for toil. But who made and keeps it so? Who provides the opportunities of gain? Your hand is full to-day, and may rest from toil; your cup runneth over. But can you sit down to your loaded table, and feel that Jesus had no hand in spreading it, and that for to-morrow's supply you need not look to him? Think again. For the continuance of, or the capacity to use

and enjoy, what you have, and call your own, are you not dependent on Jesus? If you trust in your own strength and wisdom to maintain your fulness, forgetting your continual dependence, he may, in mercy to your soul, dash your full cup from your hand, and bring you to want and sorrow.

Constantly, then, even in your sunny days, when your corn and your wine are increased, and the herd is in the stall, trust to the providing hand of Jesus. Sweeter even our plenty, if we feel that it is the daily gift of our Elder Brother.

And if Jesus provides for *you*, pray that he would honor you as an instrument for supplying the wants of others. Seek to imitate the kindness and charity of Jesus. If possible, let yours too, in your humble measure, be a providing hand. If freely ye have received, freely give. It is more blessed to give than to receive. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and he shall pay him again.

HAVE FAITH.

HAVE faith in the Lord of the thorny crown,
In the Lord of the piercéd hand,
For he reigneth now o'er earth and heaven,
And his power who may withstand?

And the hopes that never on earth shall bloom,
The sorrows forever new,
Lay silently down at the feet of Him
Who died and is risen for you.

H. B. Stowe.

ALL IN CHRIST.

IN thee, my heart, O Jesus, finds repose;
Thou bringest rest to all that weary are.
Until that Dayspring from on high arose,
I wandered through a night without a star;
My feet had gone astray
Upon a lonely way;
Each guide I followed failed me in my need;
Each staff I leaned on proved a broken reed.

Then, when in mine extremity to thee
I turned, thy pity did prevent my prayer;
From that entangling maze it set me free,
And quickly loosed my heavy load of care;
Gave me the lofty scope
Of a heaven-centred hope,
And led me on with thee, a gentle Guide,
Thither, where pure immortal joys abide.

Thou art the great completion of my soul,
The blest fulfilment of its deepest need;
When self-surrendered to thy mild control,
It enters into liberty indeed;
Thy love, a genial law,
Its every aim doth draw
Within its holy range, and sweetly lure
Its longings towards the beautiful and pure.

Thy presence is the never-failing spring
Of life and comfort in each darker hour;
And, through thy grace benignly ministering,
Grief yields a secret purifying power.
'Tis sweet, O Lord, to know
Thy kindredness with woe;
Sweeter to walk with thee on ways apart
Than with the world, where heart is shut to heart.

For thee Eternity reserves her hymn;
For thee Earth has her prayers, and Heaven
her vows;
Thy saints adore thee, and the seraphim,
Under thy glory, stoop their starry brows.
Oh, may that light divine
On me still clearer shine —
A power, an inspiration from above,
Lifting me higher, to thy perfect love!

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

YES, our Shepherd leads with gentle hand,
Through the dark pilgrim-land,
His flock so dearly bought,
So long and fondly sought.
Hallelujah!

When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar
A bright and guiding star.
Hallelujah!

Tenderly he watches from on high,
With an unwearied eye;

He comforts and sustains
In all their fears and pains.
Hallelujah!

Through the parched, dreary desert he will guide
To the green fountain-side, —
Through the dark stormy night
To a calm land of light.
Hallelujah!

Yes, his "little flock" are ne'er forgot;
His mercy changes not:
Our home is safe above,
Within his arms of love.
Hallelujah!

KRUMMACHER.

LOSER to thee,
Saviour, I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the Hand
That leadeth me.
Hushed be my heart, and still;
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

Riven the rock for me,
  Thirst to relieve;
Manna from heaven falls
  Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
  "Only believe!"

Often to Marah's brink
  Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
  Help I have sought;
And, with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
  Sweetening the draught.

Saviour, I long to walk
  Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
  Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
  Freely for me.

"DOST THOU NOT CARE?"

O love, and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
To love, and not to love.
Thou, veiled within thy glory, gone apart
Into thy shrine, which is above,
Dost thou not love me, Lord, or care
For this mine ill?
I love thee, here or there;
I will accept thy broken heart — lie still!

Lord, it was well with me in time gone by
That cometh not again,
When I was fresh and cheerful — who but I?
I fresh and cheerful! Worn with pain,
Now out of sight and out of heart,
O Lord, how long?
I watch thee as thou art;
I will accept thy fainting heart — be strong!

"Lie still," "be strong" to-day; but, Lord, to-morrow!
What of to-morrow, Lord?
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow?
Be living green upon the sward,

Now but a barren grave to me?
Be joy or sorrow?
Did I not die for thee?
Do I not live for thee? Leave me to-morrow.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

TRUST AND REST.

FRET not, poor soul; while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait;
HIS choice is best;
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right;
So trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;
All power is His alone; be still,
And trust and rest.

Desire not; self-love is strong
Within thy breast;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let him do his loving will,
And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme, confessed;
His power is infinite; his love
The deepest, fondest dreams above;
So trust and rest.

The Serving Hand.

NOW before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto his Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. And supper being ended (the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him), Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God, he riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments, *and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash his disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.* . . . So, after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well; for so I am. If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. — John xiii. 1–5, 12–15.

THE SERVING HAND.

WONDERFUL SAVIOUR! His hand is not only a Providing, but also a Serving Hand. The former suggests chiefly the idea of surpassing love, with the accompanying one of infinite power and unlimited resources; but the latter exhibits the same love, blended with astonishing humility. He stoops to perform the part of a servant to his inferiors. Their Lord and Master, yet as one that serves! He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. His whole life was a service; but here that service assumed a form of condescension that must have astonished the disciples, as it fills us with wonder. What a tenderness in his manner, as the solemn hour of earth's great tragedy drew nigh! He was soon to depart,

and leave these disciples. Before he dies, — an act which would bear the stamp of the heroic, — he must perform an humbler deed, which would powerfully impress their minds with his pure, self-renouncing love. He would leave nothing undone which should help to identify him with his people, the purchase of his blood, to make them feel that in every sense he was their Brother; and also to teach the duty of brotherly love, and the dignity of Christian service.

Jesus would here inculcate the important lesson, that the greatest in his kingdom is he that serves, — he who is so unselfish, so anxious to benefit his fellow-men, that he willingly and gracefully takes the lowest place, if thereby he can promote the welfare of the humblest of the flock, and most effectually glorify God. Dignity and rank, in the sight of Jesus, are not according to one's station in society or the church. The chief disciples are they whose hearts are most intent upon doing good, in the spirit of humility and love, in the spirit of Christ. "Well

done, good and faithful *servant*," will be the grandest welcome that Jesus can give to one of his followers. For that servant will be one of the brightest crowns. He will have an "abundant entrance." For the hand that shall distribute the rewards of grace in that great "day of Jesus Christ," will be the hand that had washed the disciples' feet, the hand that had served.

If Jesus, in the days of his flesh, condescended to such humble ministries, his disciples may be assured that now, in his exaltation, he is not above the same lowly service. If he was Lord and Master, though in the form of a servant, he is a servant still, though shining in the splendors of royalty; for is he not the same Jesus, unchangeable in his nature and his love? His heart still yearns over his redeemed with an infinite tenderness; he is ever alive to their welfare in the smallest affairs of life. To-day, O disciple, you have not a friend on earth so ready to listen to your humble story, so ready to meet even your little wants, as that same Jesus with his many crowns.

SERVING GOD.

Oh, not to fill the mouth of Fame
My longing soul is stirred;
Oh, give me a diviner name –
Call me thy servant, Lord.

Sweet title, that delighteth me —
Rank earnestly implored;
Oh, what can reach my dignity?
I am thy servant, Lord.

No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
Oh, not mine own; oh, not mine own:
Lord, I belong to thee.

In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.

Forever, Lord, thy servant choose —
Nought of thy claim abate;
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me;
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

SACRED SILENCE.

NEVER with blast of trumpets
And the chariot wheels of fame,
Do the servants and sons of the Highest
His oracles proclaim;
But when grandest truths are uttered,
And when holiest depths are stirred,
When our God himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard.

He has sealed his own with silence:
His years, that come and go,
Bringing still their mighty measures
Of glory and of woe —
Have you heard one note of triumph
Proclaim their course begun?
One voice or bell give tidings
When their ministry was done?

Unheralded and unheeded
His revelations come;
His prophets before their scorners
Stand resolute, yet dumb;
But a thousand years of silence,
And the world falls to adore,
And kiss the feet of, the martyrs
It crucified before.

Shall I have a part in the labor,
In the silence and the might
Of the plans divine, eternal,
That he opens to my sight?
In the strength and the inspiration
That his crowned and chosen know?
Oh, well might my darkest sorrow
Into songs of triumph flow!

For I hear in this sacred stillness
The fall of angelic feet;
I feel white hands on my forehead,
With a benediction sweet:
They say to me, "Labor in silence;
For dearer to God are the songs
Of one earnest and loving spirit
Than the pæans of joyful throngs."

The rivulet sweetest murmurs
  Afar in the forest glade,
And the nightingale wildest warbles
  From depths of leafy shade;
So the poet sings most divinely
  From the noisy crowd apart,
And the lays most worthy of laurels
  Are those he hides in his heart.

Oh, I hear in this sacred stillness
  The fall of angelic feet;
I feel white hands on my forehead,
  With a benediction sweet:
No echo of worldly tumult
  My beautiful vision mars;
This silence itself is music,
  Like the silence of the stars!

LAMB of God,
  True Shepherd and true Lamb, thou both in one,
Us lead, us feed,
  Till, all our wanderings done, we reach the throne.

CHRIST'S SERVICE.

UR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone:
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around;
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

WHITTIER.

THE WATER AND THE FLOWER.

ONE quiet eve, some years ago, whilst lingering by a stile,
That ran along a wayside path, to watch the clouds a while,
Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow of her wing,
I saw a child — a little child — returning from the spring.
Her well-filled pitcher lightly pressed her curls of silken hair,
Supported by a tiny hand; and she was very fair,
With something in her sunny face pure as the sky above,
And something in her gentle eye that guardian angels love.

A little flower, blossoming a step or so aside,
This happy child of innocence with sudden joy espied;
Then letting down her pitcher with the same sweet, joyous song,
She watered it half laughingly, and gayly tripped along.
The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a summer's sun,
And smile beneath the act which she unconsciously had done;

Whilst wandering on with fairy tread, as merry as before,
I saw her pass the garden gate and close the cottage door.

Oh, often when this little scene has crossed my thoughts again,
I've wondered if — with all the love that warmed her spirit then —
This little girl has tripped through life as joyous to the last,
Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as she passed;
If, with unconscious tenderness, her heart has paused to bless
The poor amid their poverty, the sad in their distress,
Still following up God's teachings day by day, and hour by hour,
Foreshadowed in that simple scene — the water and the flower; —

If, with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has hushed to rest
The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden breast;
If to the wayside wanderer, where'er her steps have led,
The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from her head.

O, holy, happy Charity! how many pleasures lost
By those who have not known thee, had been worthy
of the cost!
How many heads a blessing from a better world have
borne,
Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and the
worn!

Thou who hast stood beside God's spring of blessings
day by day,
To fill the pitcher of thy wants and carry it away,
The poor and the dejected — whom God hath willed
to roam —
Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy
home.
Oh, let thy heart beat ever quick in actions kind
to be;
Remember Him whose bounty has at all times fol-
lowed thee;
And deem it not a trouble, in the wayside or the town,
To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher
down.

The Guiding Hand.

AND he cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him. *And he took the blind man by the hand*, and *led him out of* the town. And when he had spit on his eyes, and *put his hands* upon him, he asked him if he saw aught. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees walking. After that, he *put his hands* again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly. — Mark viii. 22–25.

THE GUIDING HAND.

WHAT a touching scene! What a spectacle for angels! Jesus, the Lord of angels, here upon the foot-stool leading the blind! He does not stand forth in the grandeur of his divinity and proclaim a cure. He takes the blind man by the hand, and leads him out of the town.

And such is the blessed mission of Jesus. He came to lead the blind. And whether our journey be short or long, none can go safely without his guidance. Jesus kindly proffers his hand, that we may take it and walk with him the whole of the way. Jesus is the light of the world, and if we follow him there is none occasion of stumbling. We cannot walk in darkness. A perpetual light, illuminating and cheering, falls upon our path.

When we consider how frail we are, how ignorant of the future, how beset by temptations to seduce us from the narrow path, how strong is the power of sin within our hearts, and how solemn are the issues of our journey through the world, must we not confess that we need a Guide, and be profoundly thankful for such a guide as Jesus? He is wisdom itself; to him the future is as the present; his eye takes in at a single glance the whole extent of our course, from the beginning to the end, and his power is equal to every emergency. He can gently lead us, firmly hold us, and powerfully defend us. He best knows how to arrange the several stages of our journey, whether in the sunshine or under a cloud, whether along the easy plain, down in the damp valley, through the strait defile, or up the craggy steep. In every scene this will be our joy — Jesus guides us, Jesus is with us. And though some of our journey may be hard and uncomfortable, yet here and there, along the way, Jesus has places of rest and refreshment, where is water to drink out of the

smitten rock, and bread to eat that the world knows not of. At the worst, when darkness gathers, so that our path is wholly hidden from our sight, and we are shut up to faith, the pressure of the hand of Jesus re-assures our trembling hearts, and we travel on in hope of brighter days. It must be well with us if Jesus is our Guide. He can make no mistakes. He can and will lead us through to the other side.

Let not the disciples of Christ fall into the error of supposing that because they do not always walk in the sunshine, Jesus may not be guiding them. Our kind, and wise, and ever-faithful Guide knows what discipline is best for us. He would prove and confirm our faith. He would let patience have her perfect work. He would cure us of our perverse proneness to walk by sight. And then we are to remember that the servant cannot be above his master. Would we be like Jesus, and walk with him, and reign with him, we must experience tribulations. Ours is a cross-bearing way. But it is the way of the

Master, a way hallowed by his blessed footprints.

"Christ leads us through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door."

After all, the paths in which Jesus leads us are the only paths of peace. Is there sorrow in the way of obedience? there is keener sorrow in the world. The sorrow of the Christian is sanctified and sweetened by the presence of Jesus, while the sorrow of the world worketh death.

Alas! much of our trouble comes from our attempts to walk in our own wisdom and strength. We will walk alone. For a time, Jesus may leave us to our folly. But it is in mercy. He never loses sight of his disciples; his eye follows them in their wanderings, his heart yearns over them in their struggles. Sooner or later his Spirit breaks the spell with which Satan had enchanted them, and gives them a sight of their injured, yet still loving,

Saviour. Their hearts relent, and they gladly grasp again the hand which alone can guide them safely.

Let us pray to be kept from the sin and folly of trusting in ourselves. Let us take the hand of Jesus, and walk with him in the spirit of perfect trust, dismissing those anxious cares which betray our want of confidence in God, which so much depress the mind, which so much dishonor the Master, and so much hinder our usefulness.

Let us be willing to follow where Jesus leads, though it be into kinds of labor from which our pride would shrink. Jesus came down from the glories of heaven to labor on the footstool, and as a servant. Choose not for yourselves your lot or your labor. Our heavenly Father has a plan for the life of each one of us, adapted to our several capacities, and involving just the discipline most needful for us. Let us not, then, be so much concerned to lay plans of our own, but rather to ascertain that which infinite wisdom and love have appointed for us, that

we may work up to that in faith and hope. Let our prayer ever be, Lord, show us thy way, lead us in a plain path.

"Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide and strength,
My wisdom and my all."

For not alone in what we deem the great events of life, which are but rare, but in even the smallest, which are the most numerous, and which go to make up the grand whole of life, should we desire the guidance of Jesus. On little events often hang the greatest. That which is trivial in itself, and may seem to us the merest accident, scarce worth a moment's notice, may become of the utmost importance in its relations and consequences. All this is known to Jesus, and nothing, however small, which affects our welfare, is beneath his regard. Desire, then, to commit your every moment to his wise and gracious care. What honor to be led by the hand of a

King! How sweet to know that that King is our Brother!

Jesus may lead us through scenes of trial, but every step is upward, — upward to the better country, the golden city, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, — upward to perfect sinlessness and perfect bliss. He leads us to our eternal home, our Father's house, the dwelling-place of angels. Beloved, now are we nearer than when we believed. The last moment for earth cannot be distant.

"Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?"

Let us answer, with a lately departed Christian, as, stretching forth his hand from his bed of death, he exclaimed, "Give me thy hand, Jesus. I want no other hand but thine."

MY HAND IN CHRIST'S.

Y hand in Christ's!" He leadeth where he lists,
Through flowery fields, or 'neath a starry sky;
My faith is strong; *he'll* bring me safely through
The ills of life, till I am called to die.

"My hand in Christ's!" I care not how death comes,
Whether by pestilence or in the fight;
I shall be safe beneath his gentle care,
Should the sun smite by day or the moon by night.

"My hand in Christ's!" who bore up Calvary's height
The cross, and gave his precious life up there
To save a wretch like me! Can I e'er doubt,
Or give myself a victim to despair?

No; let me cling the closer to his side,
And with a child's devotion hold him fast.
"My hand in his!" I'll safely pass along;
Though storms may howl, my home I'll gain at last.

"My hand in Christ's!" e'en down to death's cold flood
He'll bear me conqueror through the dying strife;
And safe with those who've only gone before,
I shall have entered on that higher life.

LEAD, SAVIOUR, LEAD.

LEAD, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the glare of day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me — sure, it still
Will lead me on
O'er vale and hill, through stream and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

THE LOT OF LIFE.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears,
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land:
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

DEAN ALVORD.

HE LEADS US ON.

HE leads us on,
By paths we did not know;
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow.
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears,

He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days,
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And he, at last,
After the weary strife —
After the restless fever we call life —
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain —
After our toils are past, —
Will give us rest at last.

LEAD ME ARIGHT.

DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright, —
Though strength should falter and though heart
should bleed, —
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like settled day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

The Healing Hand.

AND as Jesus passed from thence, two blind men followed him, crying and saying, Have mercy on us, Son of David. And when he had come to the house, the blind men came to him. And Jesus said to them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They say to him, Yea, Lord. Then he *touched* their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened. — Matt. ix. 27–30; xx. 30–34.

And they bring to him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they besought him *to put his hand upon him.* And taking him aside from the multitude, he *put his fingers* into his ears, and spitting, *touched* his tongue, and, looking up to heaven, sighed and said to him, Ephatha, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the bond of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plainly. — Mark vii. 32–35.

And Jesus, coming into the house of Peter, saw his mother-in-law lying, and sick with fever. And he *touched* her hand, and the fever left her, and she arose, and ministered to him. — Matt. viii. 14, 15.

THE HEALING HAND.

TRULY there was divine virtue in his hand. Let him but touch the deaf, and they hear; the dumb, and they speak; the blind, and they see; the enfeebled and they rise; the leprous, and they are cleansed. Not that we need suppose his healing power to have been necessarily dependent on physical contact. The centurion's servant was made whole by a simple word, and at a distance. But generally the great Physician chose that those who would be healed by him of their maladies, should come or be brought into his presence, that he might lay his hand upon them. He would thus show more clearly and impressively the vital connection between himself and the cure, and his own brotherly affection.

By his incarnation he became our Brother, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and as such he would bring himself into the closest and most familiar intercourse with us. He mingled freely with people of all classes, in their houses, at their tables, on sad and festive occasions, and by the wayside. But more than this, as a yet tenderer proof of his brotherly feeling, to show how truly he condescended to our utmost human wretchedness, he took by the hand those who had no pleasant home to which to invite him, and from whom the well and the well-to-do naturally stand aloof. No matter how low the suppliant for his help, nor how loathsome his disease, — be he the shunned and disgusting leper, — Jesus had a hand to give him, a hand to touch and heal him. He would not only heal, but heal by a touch. He would not only bestow the blessing, but, by the manner of bestowing it, make it doubly precious to the recipient.

What a lesson to his disciples! Too often a favor is conferred at arm's length, or by

proxy. We fear lest our dignity be compromised, our delicate sensibilities offended, our dainty hands soiled, by too close contact with the poor, the wretched and diseased. We shrink from their touch. We can hardly bear to look upon them. But when Jesus, the Son of God, the Lord of angels, would bless and heal, he has the objects of his sympathy brought into his presence. He would look upon them and touch them. Exalted though he was, above all principality and power, yet how much more human than we! He was not only man, but more truly man than any of our race — our model and example. Therefore, while we believe in his deity, we also believe and glory in his humanity. *The* Son of man he was by preëminence, in the perfect possession of all the best and purest sympathies of our nature.

That hand of healing, after its brief but busy ministry, disappeared from human view when Jesus was "taken up." But his love and power remain unchanged. He has taken with him into heaven his glorified humanity.

A Brother is on the throne. His living presence is still with the sons of men, whose nature he perpetually wears. What he said of old, when in the flesh, was to convince us that he was our Brother — our Brother evermore. When he once touched and healed, it was not alone for the good of that generation. In laying his hand on but one of our race, he virtually laid it on our entire humanity; for he is no respecter of persons, and he came to be the Saviour of the world. That touch symbolized his universal and perpetual sympathy, which is limited not by time, or locality, or race. He is the Brother of all who seek his mercy. The sick and suffering of to-day may feel that Jesus is as truly their Friend and Helper, as he was of the sick and suffering of an age long past.

True, the day of miracles is over, but not the day of mercy. Jesus is still the great Physician, with power to heal all manner of diseases, to comfort all sorrowing hearts. There is not a sick-chamber in the wide world, whether in a palace or a hovel, to

which prayer cannot bring the real presence of Jesus. He still passes by. He is still to be inquired of. How often the prayer of faith has saved the sick! How many a chamber of suffering has his felt presence made as the outer court of heaven! What sweet patience has he breathed into hearts which had waited long for healing, where, for reasons known to himself, healing must be delayed or denied! How many, passing into the dark valley, have put their hand in his, and walked calmly or exultingly into the land of perpetual youth, made whole forever from any taint of sickness or sin!

The healing hand of Jesus symbolized his power to heal the disorders of the mind, often more unhappy or malignant than those of the body. What he did for the latter was a part of his redemptive work, designed especially to show forth by visible signs his higher work of mercy to the soul. And as no physical malady was beyond the power of his healing touch, so there is not a mental disease which he cannot relieve or remove, not a sor-

row which he cannot sanctify and elevate into the means of a higher spiritual life. Himself "the Man of Sorrows," he understands what sorrow is, and how it may perform a blessed ministry. Oh, to feel the soft hand of Jesus laid upon us when grief oppresses us, when passion clamors, and temptation becomes as an evil possession, when conscience alarms us, and fear takes hold upon us, and doubts becloud our vision, and hope seems just departing! That hand can expel every spiritual foe, and dry up every fountain of grief. It can touch our blind eyes, and enable us to look even within the veil; it can touch our lips, so that we shall sing even in the night of our distress; it can heal the leprosy of sin, and put on us the white robe of his righteousness; it can rebuke the fever of passion and anxiety and worldliness, and give rest to the soul.

Why, then, should we abandon ourselves to sorrow, or fly to human comforters, when there is such a blessed Healer ever nigh and ever merciful, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities?

ABIDE IN ME.

THAT mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary with striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee;
From this good hour, oh, leave me nevermore;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow with thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul, as thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume, in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine;
Dwell thou within it; tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me: there have been moments pure,
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantments of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be:
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer;
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

H. B. Stowe.

JESUS, HELP CONQUER!

JESUS, help conquer! My spirit is sinking;
Deep waters of sorrow go over my head;
Weeping and trembling, and fearing and shrinking,
I watch for the day, and night cometh instead.
Bitter the cup I am hourly drinking!
How thorny the path that I hourly tread!

Jesus, help conquer! For, fainting and weary,
Scarcely my hands can their weapons sustain;
The way seems so desolate, painful and dreary,
How shall I ever to heaven attain?
Jesus, great Captain, if thou be not near me,
How shall I ever the victory gain?

Jesus, help conquer! Earth holds out her lure,
And mortal affections yearn after the prize;
Scarcely my heart can the struggle endure,
Scarce can I lift up my tear-blinded eyes.
Jesus, Redeemer, thy promise is sure:
Speak to my spirit, and bid me arise.

Jesus, help conquer! There is not an hour
Of sorrow or joy but is ordered by thee;
Thou dost cut down, who hast planted the flower,
Tempest or calm at thy bidding shall be.
Look on my sorrow, and give me the power
Humbly to wait till thou comfortest me.

Jesus, help conquer! Lord, turn not away;
See with what power the billows increase!
Give me thy love for my comfort and stay;
Then shall my trembling and murmuring cease,
Then shall my spirit grow strong for the fray,
Then shall my weary heart rest in thy peace.

Jesus, help conquer! I cry unto thee;
Hardly my heart its petitions can frame;
All is so dark and so painful to me,
All I can utter sometimes is thy name.
Jesus, help conquer! My portion now be,
Though all else should change, be thou ever the same.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

POOR, trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the fold
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art,
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and growing to thine inmost heart?
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou knowest not what, — perchance mayst never know, —
Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith, and change to warmth and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this, who bids thee wait?
Behold, the Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in his love would gently lead thee home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee;
Thou art his own. Wouldst thou his beauty know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive:
"More blest are they who see not, yet believe."

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead;
I have no faith, and without faith who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait"?
Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in him.
And this he meant, in saying, "Come to me."
In light or darkness seek to do his will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

The Life-giving Hand.

AND it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and *touched the bier*; and they that bare him stood still. And he said, *Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak.* And he delivered him to his mother. — Luke vii. 11–15.

THE LIFE-GIVING HAND.

WE have seen the power of Jesus as the Healer. Before us we have an illustration of a higher attribute. Jesus is the Giver of Life. He has power not only over disease, but over death. He is the Resurrection and the Life. He has life in himself, and is the fountain of life. Herein is our hope of a final resurrection. He who wrought such wonders at Nain and Bethany by a touch and a word, — who had power to lay down his own life, and power to take it again, — is able to quicken the bodies of his saints at the last day. Then let not our faith stagger at the stupendous thought of a general resurrection. The hand, O believer, that touched the bier and compelled death to yield up its prey, will, by the same power,

bring up from the tomb your sleeping dust, and fashion it after the likeness of his own glorious body. Shall not this thought strip death of its terrors, and the grave of its gloom? Death is already a conquered foe, and the grave shall be the theatre for the display of your Redeemer's omnipotence. He shall guard the sacred dust against the great day of his power, and, at the appointed moment, clothe it instantly with immortality.

But in a higher and more glorious sense is Jesus the Prince of Life, and able to supply the world's great need. That need is not healing, but LIFE; that life which went out with the first great disobedience, and which can only return as the gift of God through Jesus Christ. Education, culture, development, fall infinitely short of the demand of human nature. Men are not only diseased, but dead. There is within the soul no germ of holiness, no good angel with folded wings waiting some magic touch to come forth and display its inherent loveliness. There may be religiousness, but not piety; fear, but not love.

Here is seen the surpassing excellence of Christ. He is a Teacher and a Healer; but, more than all, he is Life, and giveth life unto the world. He alone can enter the realm of spiritual death, and restore to man the exercise of holy affections, the power to love, commune with and glorify his Creator, and lead a life conformed to the divine will. Let the hand of Jesus but touch the dead soul, and divine life is instantly awakened, and becomes the unfailing fountain of all that is truly good and lovely in man. This life shall never be extinguished. It is the life of God in the soul of man — the germ of immortality. When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.

The world is full of these miracles of grace from the life-giving hand of Jesus — miracles more wonderful than the bringing of Lazarus from the tomb. Here is the world's only hope. Let us not limit the Holy One of Israel. There are no slumbers of sin, however deep, from which the Lord Jesus cannot arouse human souls. Here emphatically is he the Resurrec-

tion and the Life. What we need is a simpler, stronger faith in his power.

O disciple, do you look with sadness upon a world lying in wickedness, and especially upon your own dear kindred who are without this "life of God"? Remember that Jesus is Life, and the life of the world. Your longings for their salvation are in a line with the purpose of his mission. Be encouraged to plead his promises. He can, he will reward the labor of love, and answer the prayer of faith.

As this divine life begins in Christ, so it is perfected by him. It is his constant gift, breathed into our souls continually, in answer to our prayers, and according to his own purpose of mercy. Forget not that life is only in Christ, and in us only as we are in him. Pray that you may not only have this life, but may have it "abundantly," so that your Christian character may attain a richer, fuller, and more harmonious development, while you grow up into Him who is your Living Head. Be not content with merely living; desire to live fruitfully, joyfully, with an ever-enlarging experi-

ence of the life-giving power of Jesus. Be much with Jesus, hold fast to his guiding hand, bear the daily cross with patience, be faithful in duty, and Jesus shall, by and by, give you a crown of life which fadeth not away.

FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING.

"That I may know Him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings." — Phil. iii. 10.

HUMBLY while my soul doth prove
Sweetest joys of pardoning love,
Still, my Saviour, doth it yearn
Love's deep mystery to learn;
In the shadow of thy cross
Counting earthly gain but loss,
Breathing still its fervent plea
For a closer life with thee,
By that high and holy thing,
Fellowship in suffering.

O my Lord, the Crucified,
Who for love of me hast died,
Mould me by thy living breath
To the likeness of thy death:
While the thorns thy brows entwine,
Let no flower-wreath rest on mine.
In thy hands the cruel nail,
Blood-sweat on thy forehead pale;
Clasp me to thy wounded side,
O my Lord, the Crucified!

Hands love-clasped through charméd hours,
Feet that press the bruiséd flowers,
Is there aught for you to dare,
That you may his signet bear?
In this easy, painless life,
Free from struggle, care and strife,
Ever on my doubting breast
Lies the shadow of unrest;
This no path that Jesus trod;
Can the smooth way lead to God?

But when chastening stripes descend,
Welcoming as friend doth friend,
Thy dear tokens, Lord, I know,
And to thee unerring go;
Blesséd tears flow warm and free;
Thou dost love me, even me.
Pomp, and ease, and praise of men,
All are loathed and scornéd then,
Since my Lord, my Love, hath died,
Mocked and scourged and crucified.

By the agony and pain
Of the torture-stricken brain,
By the riches of thy love,
Let not suffering barren prove;
Pledge and emblem 'twould remain
Of the dark and sullen pain,

Where nor love nor good doth live;
And the blessed word "forgive"
Comes not with its subtle art,
Softening, healing any heart.

In the little islet Time,
Of Eternity sublime,
Standing on the sloping brink,
Let me of thy chalice drink,
Be baptized with thy baptism,
And be crowned with thy love-chrism,
Slain with thee in darkest hour,
Feel thy resurrection power,
Till where thou art I may be,
Perfected, dear Lord, with thee.

Christian Mirror.

F thou, true LIFE, wilt in me live,
Consume whate'er is not of thee;
One look of thine more joy can give
Than all the world can offer me.
O Jesus, be thou mine forever:
Nought from thy love my heart can sever,
As thou hast promised in thy word.
Oh, deep the joy whereof I drink
Whene'er my soul in thee can sink,
And own her Bridegroom and her Lord!

ONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy love:
In earth beneath or heaven above
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My hours with undiminished force
And speed pursue their destined course,
Obedient to thy will;
Nor would I murmur at my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doomed to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way —
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content —
Let sorrow still attend.

It costs me no regret that she
Who followed Christ should follow me;
And though where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

MADAME GUYON.

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

1 Thess. iv. 12.

HY weepest thou?
Thy beauteous one is resting;
Trouble no more assails her fond heart now,
No more that frail bark life's rude wave is breasting:
Why weepest thou?

Wouldst thou recall her
From her calm, deep joy,
To what might here in future years befall her?
Sweet songs of rapturous praise her powers employ:
Wouldst thou recall her?

Grief's bitter tears
Have all been kissed away
From her dear face whom memory reveres.
Why down thine own pale cheeks, then, should there stray
Grief's bitter tears?

Are ye not one,
Though severed for a while?
Hast thou no joy that she her race has run,
And has received her Master's gracious smile?
Are ye not one?

To meet again
With rapturous emotion,
Twin-severed streams flow towards the distant main;
And 'tis the one prayer of your soul's devotion
To meet again.

And ye shall meet,
Ye faithful, loving-hearted,
Who bowed together at the Saviour's feet;
One faith, one hope ye had who now are parted;
And ye shall meet

To part no more:
Oh, glorious reality
Of faith and hope, — when life's few years are o'er,
Your spirits clothed with immortality,
To part no more!

G. W. Moore.

I'M GOING HOME.

I'M going home — here have I no abiding;
I've looked around me in this world of care:
Though earth were all her wealth to me confiding,
I never could have built my home-nest there.

I'm going home — for gently, surely closes,
Before the dawn, the evening primrose pale;
The nightingale is hushed by summer roses,
The brook flows faster through the last rough vale.

I'm going home — they have not comprehended
The silent longings of my wistful heart;
At last my weary prison-time is ended,
The spell is broken — gladly I depart.

I'm going home — my bitter grief is over;
There's nought but joy and peace in store for me;
No marring touch shall yon clear light discover;
Wounds roughly made there healed for aye shall be.

I'm going home — by storms autumnal chastened,
While others linger in an early spring;
The summer sun the ripening fruit has hastened;
The summer bird must soon be on the wing.

I'm going home — my pilgrim garb exchanging
For festal robes that mark the bridal day;
For heavenly crown, at God's behest, I'm changing
My lily wreath, that soon would fade away.

I'm going home — O dear ones, why this weeping?
Ne'er did my spirit to this earth belong;
Why are your tears the ransomed captive keeping?
Why will ye do your faithful love this wrong?

I'm going home — the way's unknown, untrodden;
But One has passed these portals e'en for me.
Have I his grace, his faithfulness forgotten?
No! through the clouds the Morning Star I see.

I'm going home — to thee my heart is given,
Lord Jesus, thou who ~~erst didst~~ give me peace;
'Tis through thy ~~blood~~ my sins are all forgiven;
Thy life is mine — I'm longing for release.

I've reached the goal. Oh, I am weary, weary;
There come sweet whispers from the land of rest;
Earth is receding with her wastes so dreary:
I sleep — to wake upon my ~~Saviour~~'s breast!

From the German.

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

THE Christ, the Son of God, hath died;
In life, in death, our surety he;
Within the tomb of rock he lay,
And with him in that grave were we.

The Christ, the Son of God, now lives;
Death could not hold him in its power;
He rose on the appointed morn,
And we were with him in that hour.

The Christ, the Son of God, hath left
This earth, and to the Father gone;
With him ascended we on high;
With him we are upon his throne.

The Christ, the Son of God, from heaven
Looks down upon this evil earth;
And we with him are looking down,
Waiting creation's second birth.

Our hearts are on the things above,
Where he doth sit, and we with him;
Heaven is around us with its light,
And earth is distant all and dim.

The time of reigning is not yet,
And yet we feel as it had come;
The pilgrim-journey is not past,
And yet we feel as if at home.

Strange mixture of the low and high,
Of strife and peace, of earth and heaven,
The cross and crown, the bright and dark:
'Tis night, 'tis noon; 'tis morn, 'tis even.

Still in the flesh we burdened groan;
Our strength is small, our friends are few;
Yet we are risen and glorified:
Old things have passed — all things are new.

Our life is hid with Christ in God;
When he who is our Life descends,
That hidden life shall be unveiled
In beauty that all thought transcends.

And we shall see him as he is,
And we shall know as we are known,
His bride, his love, his undefiled,
The sharers of his endless throne.

The day when he, the Son of God,
Once more upon this earth appears,
Shall be the last of time's dark course,
The first of the eternal years.

The day when he, the loving One,
In glory and in light shall come,
From every grave shall burst a song,
And death-sealed lips no more be dumb.

Where, where, O Death, is now thy sting?
And where, O Grave, thy victory?
Death has been swallowed up in life,
The grave in immortality.

BONAR.

THE WORD.

IN the beginning was the Word:
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God, is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife,
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

And as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams farther out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word, that broke the stillness first,
  Sound on; and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
  And all her discord peace; —

Till — wail of woe, and clank of chain,
  And bruit of battle stilled —
The world with thy great music's pulse,
  O Word of love, be thrilled; —

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong
  Thy summons shall have heard,
And thy creation be complete,
  O thou eternal Word.

REV. S. LONGFELLOW.

THE GOLDEN PALACE.

THE golden palace of my God
  Towering above the clouds I see,
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
  Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear
  Without a wedding-garment on?

Conduct me, thou LIFE-GIVER, there;
Conduct me to thy glorious throne,
And clothe me with the robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God.

From the Russian.

The Preserving Hand.

MY sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, *neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.* — John x. 27, 28.

And he had *in his right hand* seven stars. — Rev. i. 16.

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and *have the keys of hell and of death.* — Rev. i. 18.

THE PRESERVING HAND.

THE hand is the symbol of power, and the hand of Jesus is the symbol of omnipotence. He has all power in heaven and on earth.

When, therefore, the flock of Christ are said to be in his hand, they have the surest possible guarantee of final redemption. Placed in his hand by the Father's will, as a sacred treasure, and loved by Jesus as the fruit of his own sufferings unto death, he holds them fast beyond all the power of their enemies to remove them. His hand is a citadel of strength, and there they abide in safety. Persecution may attempt to force them from it, temptation to entice them to leave it; they may have many inward fears, and may sometimes seem to be in danger of falling into ruin;

but the hand which has once embraced them will be a perpetual and perfect shelter. They may be saved as through fire and flood, but they shall be saved. They may come out of great tribulation, — their garments, like their Master's, dyed in blood, — but "they shall stand before the throne of God, and the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The care of Jesus for the church, purchased with his blood, and its security in him, are further represented by his holding "the seven stars" in his right hand. These were his ministers, and represent his under-shepherds of every age, through whose instrumentality he, the chief Shepherd, secures the welfare of his people. These he employs to feed the flock, to warn them of danger, to comfort them in adversity, to encourage them to fidelity and perseverance; and thus are they kept, through faith, unto salvation. Jesus, therefore, holds the stars in his right hand, not because they are dearer than the churches, but because he has them all in his heart and hand, and is resolved to save and crown them all.

Jesus also holds in his hand "the keys of hell and of death." His authority is here also supreme. He can open and no man shut, he can shut and no man open. Death is a conquered foe, and has no power to harm the believer. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The invisible world, the realm of departed spirits, is subject to his control. Nothing can there transpire without his permission. It is for Jesus to determine the time and circumstances of each one's dissolution, and his condition in the other world; to watch over his sleeping dust, and raise it a glorious body.

Such is the saint's security in Christ. Jesus is a complete Saviour.

Let us, then, put our whole trust in him. Let it be our chief concern to be found in him. And let us make our calling and election sure to our own consciousness, by implicit faith in his atonement and his promises, and by constant endeavors to please him. So shall we not only be saved, but meanwhile "rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

THE SECRET.

"Thou shalt keep them in the secret of thy presence from the strife of tongues."

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

O rest of rests, O peace serene, eternal,
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

H. B. Stowe.

REST, SWEETLY REST.

REST, weary soul;
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done;
Take the free gift, and make the joys thine own;
No more by pangs of guilt, and fear, and sin distressed,
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past;
All shall be light and blessedness at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed—
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary head;
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom;

Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay, —
Where he shall make thee, on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, spirit, free,
In the green pasture of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest.

JESUS ONLY.

THE bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace; —
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercéd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

RUTHERFORD.

"THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME."

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from the fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichens whiten, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints: oh, rest is sweet,
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming, when the light departs,
As evening brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far;
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
But evening brings us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken;
O thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; the tardy footsteps quicken,
As evening brings us home.

Frazer's Magazine.

JESUS CARES.

JESUS hath left his flock below,
And gone into the mount to pray
For his poor wanderers, left to go
Without him on the stormy way;
But when the tempest rageth high,
With dread their fearful hearts to try,
Then tearful eyes shall see him nigh,
Stilling the tempest into peace,
Bidding all dark forebodings cease,
Shedding abroad his heaven of love,
Inspiring hopes of joys above,
Where soon upon the blissful shore
They from their Lord shall go on stormy wave no more.

"TAKE UP THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME."

HE way seems long, dear Leader, and my feet
Are weary, pressing oft these thorns. 'Twere sweet,
Methinks, to rest. This heavy cross remove:
Thou surely need'st not thus my love to prove.
"Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy burden down:
For earth's short rest wouldst lose thy heavenly crown?"

The way is dark, dear Leader: mists arise
That hide thy blessed presence from my eyes:
I stumble on this lonely mountain wild:
O loving Father, spare me — spare thy child.
"Dost hear my voice? Then follow as I bade:
Thou'rt safe if firm on me thy trust is stayed."

But I am faint, dear Leader, and I sink;
"My steps are well-nigh gone;" upon the brink
I helpless fall: put forth thy mighty power,
And save me, loving Father, in this hour.
"Drink freely of the brook that floweth by,
Then lift thy head — thy Leader still is nigh."

And must it thus, dear Leader, ever be?
And may we here no resting-place e'er see?
Though faint and weary, light or dark the way,
Press forward e'en to reach heaven's blessed day?
"Enough that as the Master thou shouldst live:
Faithful to death, thou shalt the crown receive."

Onward, dear Jesus! safely by thee led,
"Faint yet pursuing," still the path I'll tread:
Gird me with strength; then all my prayer shall be,
"Father, e'en so; it seemeth good to thee."
"And as thy days thy strength shall ever be,
While heaven's eternal glory waiteth thee."

BEAR THOU MY BURDEN.

BEAR thou my burden, thou who bear'st my sin;
Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear:
Oh, take them, call them thine; yes, thine, though mine;
And give me calm repose in hours of fear and care.

Let me not fret because of evil men:
Smooth thou each angry ripple of my soul;
Reviled, oh, let me not revile again,
And ever let thy hand my rising wrath control.

Let not my peace be broken when the wrong
Conquers the right; but let me still wait on:
The day of right is coming, late, but long —
Long right beneath the sway of the All-righteous One.

When truth is overborne, and error reigns,
When clamor lords it over patient love,
Give the brave calmness which from wrath refrains,
Yet from the steadfast course declines one foot to move.

When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
When meekness fain would hide its heavy head,
When trustful truth, shunning the words of wrath,
Waits for the day of right, so long, so long delayed,

Beneath the load of crosses and of cares,
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful words,
Oh, bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,
And the one Arm which faith can lean on is the Lord's.

BONAR.

"O LORD, HOW HAPPY IS THE TIME."

LORD, how happy is the time
When in thy love I rest,
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to thy tender breast!
The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in thy pardon and thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

Let the world call itself my foe,
Or let the world allure,
I care not for the world, — I go
To this tried Friend and sure;
And when life's fiercest storms are sent,
Upon life's wildest sea
My little bark is confident,
Because it holds by thee.

When the law threatens endless death
Upon the dreadful hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul mounts higher still:
She hastes to Jesus, — wounded, slain, —
And finds in him a home,
Whence she shall not go forth again,
And where no death can come.

I do not fear the wilderness,
  Where thou hast been before;
Nay, rather would I daily press
  After thee, near thee, more.
Thou art my strength, on thee I lean,
  My heart thou makest sing,
And to thy pastures green at length
  Thy chosen flock wilt bring.

And if the gate that opens there
  Is closed to other men,
It is not closed to those who share
  The heart of Jesus then.
That is not loving much of life
  Which is not loving thee,
Who art as present in the strife
  As in the victory.

Therefore, how happy is the time
  When in thy love I rest,
When from my weariness I climb
  E'en to thy tender breast!
The night of sorrow endeth there,
  Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in thy pardon and thy care
  The heaven of heavens is won.

From the German of Dressler.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

INTO a desolate land,
White with the drifted snow,
Into a weary land
Our footsteps go:
Yet doth thy care, O Father,
Ever thy wanderers keep;
Still doth thy love, O Shepherd,
Follow thy sheep.

Over the pathless wild
Do I not see him come?
Him who shall bear me back,
Him who shall lead me home?
Listen! between the storm-gusts,
Unto the straining ear,
Comes not the cheering whisper, —
"Jesus is near?"

Over me he is bending!
Now I can safely rest;
Found at the last, and clinging
Close to the Shepherd's breast:

So let me rest till the fold-bells
  Sound on the homeward track,
And the rejoicing angels
  Welcome us back!

W. E. Littlewood.

MID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
  I cast my soul on thee,
  Mighty to save e'en me,
  Jesus, thou Son of God.

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mists encurtaining me, —
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad, —
  I cast my soul on thee,
  Mighty to save e'en me,
  Jesus, thou Son of God.

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,

I cast myself on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God.

To thee I come: ah, only thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only thou, canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul.
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God.

On thee I rest: thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench forevermore.
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God.

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But, till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, thou Son of God.

THE SAFE REFUGE.

OURAGE, my sorely-tempted heart;
Break through thy woes, forget their smart;
Come forth, and on thy Bridegroom gaze:
The Lamb of God, the Fount of Grace.
Here is thy place.

His arms are open; thither flee;
There rest and peace are waiting thee,
The deathless crown of righteousness,
The entrance to eternal bliss.
He gives thee this.

Then combat well, of nought afraid,
For this his follower thou art made;
Each battle teaches thee to fight,
Each foe to be a braver knight,
Armed with his might.

If storms of fierce temptation rise,
Unmoved we'll face the frowning skies;
If but the heart is true indeed,
Christ will be with us in our need:
His own could bleed.

The word hath still its glorious powers;
The noblest chivalry is ours;
O Thou, for whom to die is gain,
I bring thee here my all; oh, deign
T' accept and reign.

J. H. Bohmer, 1704.

THE FEARFUL DISCIPLES.

"And as they followed, they were afraid." — Mark x. 32.

SAVIOUR, thou hast some disciples still
Timid and fearful;
They follow thee, but dread of coming ill
Oft makes them sad and tearful.
How strange that any in thy path should tread
With trembling footstep and with drooping head!

Afraid! when thou, their Master and their Guide,
Goest before them;
When thou, with love so long and deeply tried,
Art ever watching o'er them;
Afraid! when they so oft thy voice have heard,
Which calms the strongest tempest with a word.

Their faith is weak, and therefore do they shrink
From care and sorrow;
For if to-day their sky looks bright, they think
Of the clouds that come to-morrow.
Clearly they see the danger of their way,
But fail to make thine arm their strength and stay.

And thus they travel on, uncheered, distressed;
Their path how dreary!
By gloomy doubts and anxious fears oppressed,
Slow is their step and weary.
Yet, sad and sinful as their fears must be,
Lord, we are thankful that they follow thee.

For thou with their distrust wilt gently bear,
Till faith shall strengthen;
Wilt teach them not to bend to grief and care,
Nor fear when shadows lengthen;
Wilt nerve them for the hardship and the strife
Which all must meet with in the march of life.

Better it is to follow thee in fear,
Alarmed by dangers,
Than wander in the way of sinners here,
Lured by the voice of strangers;
For blest in time and in eternity
Are even those who "fear," and "follow" thee.

The Blessing Hand.

AND they brought young children to him, *that he should touch them;* and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily, I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. *And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.* — Mark x. 13–16.

THE BLESSING HAND.

HAPPY parents! Favored children! But not these alone. Here is Christ's benediction upon childhood — an evangel to all the families of the earth. This beautiful scene lets down into our homes the light and love of heaven, assuring us that God's heart is with us in our endeavors to promote the Christian nurture of our children — rewarding the labor of love and the prayer of faith.

Profoundly thankful would we be that it had a place in the Saviour's earthly history, recorded for the benefit and joy of succeeding ages. Like the quickening breath of Spring, it has caused to bloom many a lovely flower, to gladden the domestic circle, and to shed, in later years, a world-wide fragrance. It has

been fruitful in all manner of blessing to mankind, for home is the fountain of influence, the foundation of the social fabric, and the nursery of the church and of heaven. It has made home a not unfair type of heaven, and heaven itself more attractive. Indeed in no other department of Christian labor can Christ's blessing upon fidelity and faith be more confidently expected. His own presence will be with us. His promised Spirit will help our infirmities, will endue us with wisdom, patience, faith, and love, and crown our efforts with success. In answer to our prayers, and in connection with our wisely-directed efforts and good example, he will plant the seeds of grace, even in young and tender hearts, which shall spring up into a rich harvest.

Many things may indeed dishearten us — our conscious unfitness for so great a work; the sinful tendencies which manifest themselves even in the heart of childhood; the adverse influences everywhere surrounding us; but this scene in the Gospels teaches us never to be weary. In Jesus we have a Helper

who can remove all obstacles, conquer all difficulties, and who will, in due time, reward our faith.

And especially should not self-indulgence, the love of pleasure, the cares of life, or a feeling of personal incompetency, lead us to attempt the transfer to other hands of the precious and solemn responsibility which God has committed to ours. Parents are directed to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This is a personal duty, which cannot be devolved upon others, however wise and good they may be, and however much their assistance may be desirable and proper. Let our own hands lead our children to Jesus; and the blessing which we seek he will bestow.

And if, in his wisdom, our heavenly Father should take our treasures from us, the sweet words of Jesus, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God," will come with soothing, healing power to our stricken hearts, giving us strength to say, "Thy will be done."

We can think of our little ones, the jewels of our household, whom we had brought to Jesus, as now doubly safe with him, in his higher school, perpetually under his loving eye, their souls expanding in wisdom and love, amid the most genial influences. We may weep over their graves, where lies buried many a sweet hope; we may miss them sorely in our homes; but we may know that to them the exchange was a happy one, and that when we meet them again, — which must be soon, — they will be far more lovely than when they left us. We can feel that He who manifested such tender love to childhood, when he was on earth, is no less gentle and loving now in his exalted state, and that to no better hands could we intrust those who are dearer to us than our own lives. The love which he revealed on earth was no other than the love of heaven, and to that heaven he has taken them, with its unsullied purity and perfect bliss.

Thus, bereaved parent, you may "think of your child, not as dead, but as living; not as a flower that is withered, but as one that is

transplanted, and, touched by a divine hand, is blooming in richer colors and sweeter shades than those of earth."

"There came a little child with sunny hair,
All fearless, to the brink of Death's dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the Joy and Giver;
And as upon the waves she left our sight,
We heard her say, 'My Saviour makes them bright.'"

But this benediction has a yet wider scope. "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." There are, then, little children who may have passed far beyond the period of natural childhood, the true "children of God," as possessed of that lowly, trustful, teachable, obedient, and forgiving spirit, of which the Saviour regarded "a little child" as a beautiful and suggestive type.

Would you who bear the name of Christ be true members of his kingdom, you must put away pride, and especially the ambition

of being great; you must cultivate a meek and lowly spirit, and trustfully take the hand of Jesus, the Son of God, your Elder Brother, to be led by him through the world. To such he will reveal himself in all the sweetness and fulness of his love. He will, as it were, take them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and bless them. They shall know the precious secrets of the "hidden life." Alas! how much of Christ is unknown to his disciples, because they are so unlike little children, having so much confidence in themselves, and being so little sensible of their need of his wisdom to instruct them, power to uphold them, and grace to save them, and so prone to seek high things for themselves. Oh, what joy and peace, passing all the world can give, abide in the soul of the true "child of God," who has been enabled to simply rest in Christ, disregarding the yearnings and promptings of a selfish nature, and sweetly yielding to the voice of the Spirit!

But, in too many cases, what might seem so easy of attainment — to trust in and follow

Jesus in the sweet simplicity of childhood — is the slow growth of years, the result of a long and painful process. As we look around among the visible members of the church of Christ, who profess to have surrendered their will to his, how few appear to be as little children, and to have as a perpetual possession that peace which floweth like a river. We see many seeking to climb, to soar, but few who say with Paul, "Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." Can we wonder at the unrest and joylessness which are so common in that society which ought to be as a band of loving and happy brethren?

"Oh, the blessing, the rich blessing,
Is it thine and mine?
Who are they, the true recipients
Of the love divine?
Little children, little children,
Not in years alone,
Little children in the spirit —
These he calls his own."

THERE was another and most touching scene where the hand of Jesus was the hand of blessing. It was near the end of his earthly course — his farewell to his disciples.

"And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and *he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.* And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." — Luke xxiv. 50–53.

In all the world's history was there ever a scene so tender, so beautiful? Christ's sublime mission had been accomplished, he had been crucified, and had risen from the dead. The hour had at length come for his return to the Father, who had sent him. And, as his advent had been humble, his departure is without "observation." Calm and peaceful is the scene. Nature, which had so often obeyed his voice, seems now unconscious of the great event. No parade or pomp appears; no assembled multitude is present, as if for a

grand spectacle, and to raise triumphant hosannas. In a secluded spot, near the quiet hamlet of Bethany, away from the bustle and throng of the city, surrounded by his few humble but devoted followers, the tried associates of his ministry, who had shared his sufferings and were to be his "witnesses," the world's Lord and Redeemer passes upward to the throne of his glory. There, while angels who had heralded his birth stand ready to escort him back to heaven, he pauses a moment to give his parting blessing. "The joy that was set before him," now so near, and the exulting welcome that awaits him, cannot banish the thought of his disciples. He has given his final instructions; it only remains to say, Farewell. "And lifting up his hands, he blessed them." No wonder "they returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God."

That quiet but sublime and fruitful benediction was not for them alone. Those few disciples represented the church on earth, and therefore it remains for the whole "body" of

Christ, to the end of time. It rests upon us. It was, as it were, the smile of Jesus, his sorrows forever ended, which he cast back to earth, to assure us of his undying love.

THE THIRD SON.

I HAVE a son, a third sweet son;
His age I cannot tell;
For they reckon not by years and months,
Where he has gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months,
His infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth,
And went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his,
What looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
His shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul,
The bliss which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things
Which God will not reveal.

But I know — for God hath told me this —
That he is now at rest,
Where other blessèd infants are,
On their Saviour's loving breast.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain,
His bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear,
But *his* is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles
Their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not,
He must be ours forever.

When we think on what our darling is,
And what we still must be;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss,
And *this* world's misery; —

When we groan beneath this load of sin,
And feel this grief and pain, —
Oh, we'd rather lose our other two,
Than have him here again.

J. MOULTRIE.

RESIGNATION.

HERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps:
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child, —

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
  That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
  We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

EVA.

DRY thy tears for holy Eva;
With the blesséd angels leave her;
Of the form so soft and fair,
Give to earth the tender care.

In the better home of Eva
Let the shining ones receive her,
With the welcome-voicéd psalm,
Harp of gold and waving palm.

All is light and peace with Eva;
There the darkness cometh never:
Tears are wiped and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva;
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her,
Cares and pain and weariness
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listener at the Master's knee!
"Suffer such to come to me."

Oh for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river,
And the blessings of the poor
Wafting to the heavenly shore!

WHITTIER.

COMFORT.

BOATMAN, boatman my brain is wild —
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child,
Is a corpse upon my knees.

"No holy choir to sing so low,
No priest to kneel in prayer,
No tire-woman to help me sew
A cap for his golden hair."

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
"Not without Him who is life to thee
Could the little child have died.

"His grace the same, and the same his power,
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether he makes the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

"On the land and the water, all in all,
The strength to be still, or pray;
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May."

ALICE CAREY.

THE BLESSING OF JESUS.

JESUS, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity;
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.

Weanéd from my worldly self,
Weanéd from the miser's pelf,

Weanéd from the scorner's ways,
Weanéd from the lust of praise, —

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to thine submit;
Lay me humbly at thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
Seeing only in thy light,
Walking only in thy might, —

Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from thy gracious blood.

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

JOHN BERRIDGE, 1785.

MY SAVIOUR.

AM not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God hath planned;
I only know at his right hand
Stands one who is my Saviour.

I take God at his word and deed:
"Christ died to save me," — this I read;
And in my heart I find a need
Of him to be my Saviour.

And had there been, in all this wide,
Sad world, no other soul beside,
But only mine, yet he had died
That he might be its Saviour; —

One wounded spirit, sore oppressed,
One wearied soul, that found no rest
Until it found it on the breast
Of Him who was his Saviour; —

Then had he left his Father's throne,
The joy untold, the love unknown,
And for that soul had given his own,
That he might be its Saviour.

And, oh, that he fulfilled may see
The travail of his soul in me,
And with his work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

Yes, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace, from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

CHRIST THE KING OF GLORY.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wistful eyes!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven:
There the mighty Conqueror waits;
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in."

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror o'er death, hell, and sin, —
Take the King of Glory in.

Him, though kindest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returnéd to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

See, he lifts his hands above;
See, he shows the prints of love;
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below;
Still for us he intercedes;
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Saviour of the human race.

"Master," may we ever say,
"Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee beyond the skies."

Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home!"

There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

MADAN.

THY PRESENCE.

THE secret pangs I could not tell
To dearest friend, *Thou* knowest well:
They claim thy gracious heart;
Thou dost remove, with tender care,
Or sweetly give me strength to bear
The sanctifying smart.

Thy presence has a wondrous power:
The sharpest thorn becomes a flower,
And breathes a sweet perfume.
Whate'er looked dark and sad before,
With happy light shines silvered o'er:
There's no such thing as gloom.

Thou know'st I have a cross to bear:
The needful stroke thou dost not spare,
To keep me near thy side;
But when I see the chastening rod
In thy pierced hand, my Lord, my God,
I feel so satisfied.

Now, while I tell thee how within
I oft indulge my bosom sin,
How faithless oft I prove,
No cold repulse, no frown I meet;
But tender, soul-subduing, sweet
Is the rebuke of Love.

THE SAVIOUR.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In sky or earth, in stream or grove, —

Or, by the light thy words disclose,
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious Providence
When not too deep for mortal sense, —

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,

Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thoughts, How sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves, in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

EVENING HYMN.

WEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our hearts instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours are run,
And thou hast taken count of all, —
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon — give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts, without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our work be soiled
With strife, or by deceit insnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For those we love — the poor, the sad,
The sinful — unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come:
Through all its watches near us be;
Good angels watch about our home;
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

FABER.

The Knocking Hand.

BEHOLD, I stand at the door and *knock*: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. — Rev. iii. 20.

THE KNOCKING HAND.

WHAT a picture of patient waiting, of love unwearying—Jesus knocking at the door!

He stands and knocks. He will not force an entrance; he will not go where he is unwelcome; he will not depart at the first repulse. He knocks, and waits for an answer.

"In the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin:
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise, and let me in!"

Such honor does he put upon the human

soul, even in its blindness and debasement! It was once a temple, beautiful and pure, the fit dwelling-place of Deity. But sin has defiled it, noisome weeds have grown over the path by which angels and the Lord of angels had come to visit it; its light has gone out, its glory departed. Evil spirits have there taken up their abode.

Yet even in its desolation there are traces of its original grandeur. The Lord of Glory would again make it his habitation; he would dwell with men. Behold him at the door, seeking admittance. Yes, even there, whence he had been driven for an enemy to come in, he stands and knocks. He has a right to enter; but he offers to come in, and longs for an invitation.

And here let us mark the strange love of Jesus, how it rises immeasurably superior to all human love, in its utter unselfishness. In forming our attachments we are very fastidious. We often make invidious distinctions according to our dainty prejudices, — attracted towards some, repelled from others.

We search out congenial society. There are human hearts whose esteem and love we court, — great, noble, and loving hearts, in which we should be proud to have a place. To be welcomed and cherished there we should deem the greatest happiness and honor of our lives. But there are other hearts, which seem to us so devoid of every attractive quality, perhaps so utterly disagreeable and offensive, so narrow, vile, and selfish, that we are irresistibly repelled from them. We care not for their affection.

But oh, the wondrous love of Jesus, the Lord of angels, whose home is the pure heaven above! Not content, as it were, with the love of seraphs, he seeks the love of men, who dwell upon the footstool. And among these there is not a heart so foul, so sordid, so brutish, that he does not seek a place in it to dwell there. He craves the affection of such a heart. Behold, he stands at the door and knocks. "'If *any* man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him.' Others may despise and loathe him;

I would have his friendship; I would have him for a brother. Between him and me let there be the most endearing communion."

"Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come;
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home."

For any soul what honor — what happiness! Jesus for its Guest! If you welcome him as your Saviour and King, he condescends to accept your hospitality; for poor though you may deem it, yet as the best you can give, — the offering of a grateful, loving heart, — it will be precious and honorable in his sight. And then he, just now the Guest, will become the Host. First, "he will sup with you," as if putting himself on a level with you, — not ashamed of you as one of his "brethren;" he will sit down at your humble board, and be at home with you.

But, not content with this, he will have you "sup with *him*." His own hand will spread a table, and he will make you sit down beside

him, while he performs the honors of the feast. What royal entertainment! You sit at the King's table, and his banner over you is love. What a rich repast! what communion sweet and high — the very bread of heaven. When Jesus is admitted into a human soul, he brings with him the "riches of his grace."

Sorrowing disciple, overwhelmed with grief, and saying, Why hast thou forsaken me? hearken in the night of your anguish. You sit alone and sad, without a comforter; but you are not alone and unnoticed. The "Man of Sorrows" has heard your cries and moans. He even now stands at the door and knocks. Do you doubt whether it can be his hand? Do you say, No one cares for me? Listen: he knocks again! It is even he. Oh, believe in his promise, "I will not leave you comfortless — I will come to you." He is at the door. That knocking is the sweet voice of the Comforter in your heart, bidding you look to Jesus. Believe in his presence, his faithfulness, his love, his wisdom, and his power. He has come to sup with you.

Perhaps you sit "in the shadow" of a great bereavement. Friend and lover are no more. "The strong staff is broken, and the beautiful rod." There is a vacant chair. But Jesus has come to fill it with his presence, and to sup with you. That is the sign of cheer. Open to him, and he will give you songs for sighs, the "bread of heaven" for the "bread of tears."

Backslidden disciple, once fascinated with the world's deceitful joys, but now filled with your own ways, and wretched; listen, for there is a knocking at the door. Is it not a once familiar sound? Does it not recall the memory of other days? Did it not ring through the chambers of your soul in your dark hour of conviction for sin? When you almost despaired of mercy, did not Jesus show his smiling face at the door, and knock? Oh, how gladly then you gave him welcome! He was the One altogether lovely. And now again, after your cruel ingratitude for such condescending love, he stands at the door. He cannot give you up. Remember whence

thou art fallen, and return to thy first love. Hast thou not long enough slighted and dishonored him? Break, stony heart; weep for thy ingratitude. And let not Satan or thy own heart tempt thee to doubt the Saviour's pity. He is knocking. But will he come into such a heart? His own word for it is, "If *any* man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Dost thou recognize the voice as that of Jesus? and hast thou a desire, a longing, for his pardoning love? That is a pledge of his blessing; for that is the whisper of his Spirit within thy soul, bidding thee turn and live. The Spirit has opened thine ears to hear. Thou hast wandered from thy Father's house, but there is yet room for thee. It only remains for thee to arise and open the door. Jesus will come in, for his mercy endureth forever.

By and by, O believer, there will be another knocking. It will be a sound that cannot be mistaken. Jesus will stand at the door

and knock. Lo, it is his summons to the better country — "The bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." He invites you to a banquet in his royal palace — the marriage supper of the Lamb. There you shall sup with him, — a wonder to yourself, a wonder to angels.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

[Suggested by Hunt's Picture of the "Light of the World."]

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before; —
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder
Undo the door.

No! that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid Him go.
Wherefore, with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say Him no!

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
What! still there?
Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crownéd hair;
And those eyes so strange and tender,
Waiting there;
Open! open! Once behold Him —
Him, so fair!

Ah, that door! why wilt thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty; —
Many-fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking! What! still knocking?
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning, —
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me, —
Leaves my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest:
Rest — ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, he longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness and weeping:
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over;
The true gifts he brings have seeming,
More than all thy faded dreaming.

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
Lo, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange mysterious door;
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty and forgotten;—
There the piercéd hand still knocketh,
And, with ever-patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crownéd hair,—
Still a God is waiting there.

H. B. Stowe.

LOVE TO MY LORD.

"HAD I a thousand tongues, I'd raise
Them all in my Redeemer's praise,"
We sometimes cry;
And still we find it hard to give
Our one poor offering, and live
As he were by.

Oh, purest, truest, boundless love!
Worthy of Him who reigns above,
Our heavenly Guide!
He takes the heart we fain would give,
He deigns in it himself to live,
With us to 'bide.

Tune, Lord, this heart, as 'twere a lyre
Of heavenly make, till every wire
And every chord
Wake but one strain,— one deepest thrill,
Long, louder, sweeter, fuller still, —
Love to my Lord!

LOUISA VON PLETTENHAUS.

THE GARDEN OF GOD.

CHRIST in his heavenly garden walks all day,
And calls to souls upon the world's highway;
Wearied with trifles, maimed and sick with sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

"How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go;
Here the white lilies shine like stars above;
Here in the red rose burns the face of love.

"'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in My ways your feet will be;
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

"Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray;
Turn your steps hither: am not I the way?
The sun is falling fast, the night is nigh;
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?

"Look on my hands and side, for I am he;
None to the Father cometh but by me;
For you I died; once more I call you home:
I live again for you — my children, come!"

PALGRAVE.

The Winnowing Hand.

WHOSE fan is *in his hand*, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. — Matt. iii. 12.

THE WINNOWING HAND.

THE coming of Jesus into the world, by promise or in person, has resulted in the separation of mankind into two distinct classes, with opposite tastes, aspirations, and destinies. He has his fan in his hand, and every day, wherever his gospel is preached, he is winnowing the chaff from the wheat. Men are rallying under opposite banners, according to their views of Christ and their feelings towards him. This is becoming more and more evident as time rolls on. Character is developing, and the world's harvest-home hastening on. And so it will be to the end of time.

But meanwhile the wheat and the chaff, — the precious and the vile, the friends and the foes of Christ, — however inwardly unlike, are

mingled outwardly together. The prayerful and the profane, those who trust in the blood of the atoning Lamb, and those who glory in their own righteousness, walk side by side the thoroughfares of life, and often to the seeming advantage of the godless, so that the latter boldly question the reality of His second coming, while the former sigh at its apparently long delay. Thus, while the Christian knows that here he has a field of labor and conflict, he is made to feel that he has not here a home. He is a stranger and a pilgrim. Darkness often rests upon the ways of God.

But it shall not always be so. Jesus "has his fan in his hand." The separation, now often so silent and unobserved, is going forward, and shall, at the predestined hour, be marked and complete. The Master will "*thoroughly* purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

Heaven shall attract to itself all that is congenial to its purity. The fruitage of grace shall there be safely garnered; not a single

grain shall be lost. "Nothing which defileth or maketh a lie shall enter there; but they who are written in the Lamb's book of life." And these shall bear the same glorious image, speak the same celestial language, sing the same songs of thanksgiving, and engage in the same exalted service.

Such is the marvellous work which the hand of Jesus shall perform. He shall be the Judge of the world. What attributes short of omnipotence and omniscience can we, then, ascribe to him? To penetrate the whole realm of spirit, to discriminate precisely among all human souls between the righteous and the wicked, making all due allowance for the infirmity of nature and the stress of temptation, discerning beneath all unfavorable traits the unquestionable marks of a true love, and a saving faith, so as to assign to each individual his own fitting place among the saved or lost, — this were beyond created intelligence and power.

O Jesus, thou art the only-begotten Son of God, the eternal Word, who wast in the be-

ginning with God, and art God! Thou hast the infallible discernment of spirits. Oh, "search me and try me, and see if there be in me any wicked way, and lead me in the way everlasting." When thou shalt separate the chaff from the wheat, let me be gathered into the garner

LONGINGS.

HEN shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh that it were thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where thou art!

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom; I scarce can see
The waymarks that my Saviour left for me:
Would it were morn, and I were safe with him.

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh that it were thy will
My tired feet might tread the Promised Land.

Oh that I were at rest! A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me, lest I fail at last.
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
And thine own hand might wipe away my tears.

Oh that I were at rest! like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst never shrink
From any toil or weariness for me,
Not even from that last deep agony:
Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord; for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me there. I know thou canst not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me:
Shall I not toil for thee, when thou for me didst bleed?

"HE GOETH BEFORE THEM."

THE winds blow fierce across the barren wild;
The storm-clouds gather darkly on our way;
'Tis cold! But oh, that loving face and mild
Which goes before! *There* first the shadows stay;
And tempests reach him first, our Shepherd there:
What he endures shall we complain to bear?

The night comes on — 'tis dark; the stars are dim;
We cannot see the way. But oh, that form
Which goes before! The night comes *first* to him,
And darkness first is his, as was the storm:
Shall we shrink back or tremble to go on,
Where he, our Shepherd, first for us hath gone?

The way is rough, and wearying steeps arise;
And thorns are there to wound our aching feet.
But oh, those sacred footsteps, firm and wise,
Which go before! They first the roughness meet,
And briers reach them first. Oh, shall we dread
To bear *his* cross — to walk where he hath led?

The stream is reached, the river dark and cold;
The waves are high. But oh, that mighty One
Who goes before! The billows o'er *him* rolled;
He crossed the waters first; and shall we shun
The final anguish which our Shepherd bore?
His hand shall guide us to the other shore.

He goes before! And so we may not look
Backward at all, but onward evermore,
Keeping in sight the blesséd path he took,
Patient to bear each cross he meekly bore,
Trusting his wisdom in the darkest hour,
O'ercoming every trial through his power.

He goes before! a shield against the storm,
A shadow in the noonday, light at night;
In danger's hour, there is the Shepherd's form
But just beyond. Though fears may dim our sight,
O earthly flock, fear not for evermore!
Where'er we walk, our Shepherd "goes before."

The Crowning Hand.

I AM now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me *a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day;* and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. — 2 Tim. iv. 6–8.

Be thou faithful unto death, *and I will give thee a crown of life.* — Rev. ii. 10.

THE CROWNING HAND.

AT the end of the race comes the crown. First the conflict, then the reward. Such must be the experience of every true disciple.

And, as the hand of Jesus had guided and supported him through the former and brought him off conqueror, that same hand shall bestow the latter. So dear to Jesus is the church — the purchase of his blood — that no glory will be too great to put upon her. The redeemed shall be no less than kings and priests unto God. Having shared the strife and shame of their Lord and Saviour, they shall share his royal dignity. Having suffered with him, they shall reign with him. As he is crowned, they shall be crowned. One with him in humiliation, one with him in glory.

The church shall be the wonder and admiration of the universe, exalted even above angels, "nearest the throne, and first in song."

That will be a day of jubilee in heaven when Christ shall crown his followers, gathered out from all the ages — a multitude which no man can number. Their conflicts and sorrows are forever ended, their redemption is complete. And then shall Jesus see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. The Father's promise is fulfilled. "The joy that was set before him" is now possessed in infinite measure.

What a glorious company! Each one a king, each wearing a crown, and all with united voice singing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Is such the promised destiny of the followers of Christ? Let them joyfully bear the intervening hardships of the way. It is but a little longer. "Forgetting those things

which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "Run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus." See, from his throne he waits your coming; he watches your every step; he holds in his hand the prizes of victory.

Struggling disciple, there is one for you. "Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life."

Does your deep consciousness of infirmity and unworthiness sometimes cause your faith to stagger at the promise of God? Do you say, Shall the Son of God place a diadem upon my poor head? Consider that, having stooped to die for you, it can be no greater condescension to glorify you. His very incarnation conferred a wondrous dignity upon our nature, exalting it above that of angels. The final crowning will be the open declaration of the fact, already assured to you, that you are a brother of Him who sits upon the throne.

And consider further, that in your exaltation Jesus is exalted. The redeemed are the trophies of his victory, and that victory must be made as glorious as possible. The reward of his sufferings must be grand beyond all precedent.

As, then, the angels shall behold the redeemed from earth, having bodies like to Christ's glorious body, with crowns upon their heads and palms in their hands, they will understand the grandeur of the work which Jesus accomplished during his incarnation. The things which they "desired to look into" are now revealed to their admiring gaze.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low;
Ah! if beyond the spirit's utmost cavil,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

Round Table.

THE ANSWER.

HO would not go,"
With buoyant steps, to gain that blesséd portal
Which opens to the land we want to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so?

"Ah, who would fear?"
Since, sometimes, through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

"Who would endure"
To walk in doubt and darkness, with misgiving,
When He whose tender promises are sure —
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living —
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure,
By waters pure?

Oh, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming;
"Eye hath not seen," no heart can understand,
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command —
His opening hand!

O dear ones there,
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
We come, ere long, your blesséd home to share;
We take the Guiding Hand — we trust it only —
Seeing by faith, beyond this clouded air,
That land so fair!

J. H. T., *Round Table.*

OUR TITLES.

ARE we not Nobles? — we who trace
Our pedigree so high,
That God for us and for our race
Created earth and sky,
And light and air, and time and space,
To serve us, and then die?

Are we not Princes? — we who stand
As heirs beside the throne;
We who can call the promised land
Our heritage, our own,
And answer to no less command
Than God's, and his alone?

Are we not Kings? Both night and day,
From early until late,
About our bed, about our way,
A guard of angels wait;
And so we watch, and work, and pray,
In more than royal state.

Are we not holy? Do not start:
It is God's sacred will
To call us temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill;
Our very food — Oh, hush! my heart;
Adore It, and be still!

Are we not more? Our life shall be
Immortal and divine.
The nature Mary gave to thee,
Dear Jesus, still is thine;
Adoring, in thy heart I see
Such blood as beats in mine.

O God, that we can dare to fail,
And dare to say we must!
O God, that we can ever trail
Such banners in the dust —
Can let such starry honors pale,
And such a blazon rust!

Shall we upon such titles bring
The taint of sin and shame?
Shall we, the children of the King,
Who hold so grand a claim,
Tarnish by any meaner thing
The glory of our name?

A. A. Procter.

NOT HERE.

NOT here, not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters; —
"I shall be satisfied," — but, oh, not here!

Not here, where every dream of bliss deceives us,
  Where the worn spirit never gains its goal,
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
  Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
  With raptures earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
  And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
  Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
  Than these few words — "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning
  For sweet companionship with kindred minds,—
The silent love that here meets no returning,
  The inspiration which no language finds,—

Shall they be satisfied? — the soul's vague longings,
  The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging,
  As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending —
  Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide;
Guide me towards home, where, all my wanderings ending,
  I then shall see thee, and "be satisfied."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BREEZES of Spring, all earth to life awaking,
Birds swiftly soaring through the sunny sky,
The butterfly its lonely prison breaking,
The seed up-springing which had seemed to die, —

Types such as these a word of hope have spoken,
Have shed a gleam of light around the tomb;
But weary hearts longed for a surer token,
A clearer ray, to dissipate its gloom.

And this was granted. See the Lord ascending,
On crimson clouds of evening calmly borne,
With hands outstretched, and looks of love still bending
On his bereaved ones, who no longer mourn.

"I am the Resurrection!" hear him saying;
"I am the Life!" He who believes in me
Shall never die; the souls my call obeying
Soon where I am forevermore shall be."

Sing hallelujah! Light from heaven appearing,
The mystery of life and death is plain;
Now to the grave we can descend unfearing,
In sure and certain hope to rise again.

"SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD."

H, sweet home-echo on the pilgrim's way,
Thrice-welcome message from the land of light!
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,
So on Eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance from that cheering word,
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

At home with Jesus! Him who went before
For his own people mansions to prepare;
The soul's deep longing stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

With him all gathered: to that blesséd home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends;
While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends;
Where all of bliss is centred in one word —
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

Here kindred hearts are severed far and wide
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares and paths divide;
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the lost restored:
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

Oh, blesséd promise, mercifully given!
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe;
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of hope and resurrection throw.
Thanks for the blesséd, life-inspiring word,
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

TO THE MARK.

IS a sharp, rugged hill, that seems to mock
The climber's strength and skill, where rock on rock
Shoots sternly upwards to the bending skies;
Yet right in front of thee its steeps arise,
And thou must climb.

Up, then, and linger not, thou saint of God;
Fling from thy shoulders each impeding load;
Be brave and wise, shake off earth's soil and sin,
That with the Bridegroom thou mayst enter in:
Oh, watch and pray!

Soon shall the voice be heard, "Behold, I come!"
That calls thee upward to thy glorious home,
That bids thee leave these vales, and take swift wing,
To meet the hosts of thy descending King;
And thou must rise.

'Tis a thick throng of foes, afar and near;
All hell in front, a hating world in rear;
Yet flee thou canst not, victory must be won,
Ere fall the shadows of Time's setting sun:
And thou must fight.

Gird on thine armor; face each weaponed foe;
Deal, with the sword of Heaven, the deadly blow;
Forward, still forward, in the fight divine;
Slack not the warfare till the field is thine:
Win thou the crown.

'Tis a fair crown which never can grow old —
A crown of Heaven's own everlasting gold;
Wages of service rendered here below,
Reward of battle for the conqueror's brow:
Win thou the crown.

BONAR.

NOT NOW.

NOT now, my child: a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert's darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home!

Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love:
Not now; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary:
Wilt thou not cheer them into a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow:
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphan tears are thickly falling:
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now; for many a hungry one is pining;
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives his answering messages to thee.

Not now; for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze —
Man's prisoners, but thy Saviour's noble freemen:
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not now; for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in helpless sin;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open:
Go to the banished ones and fetch them in.

Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power;
Why should thy faltering heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour?

One little hour! and then the glorious crowning;
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm;
One little hour, and then the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life!

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand;
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet
Await thy Lord's command.

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil;
How can thy warfare close?
Lonely, thou treadst a foreign soil;
How canst thou hope repose?

Seek, soldier! pilgrim! seek thine home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more; —

Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane; —

Where founts of life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace; —

Where they who meet shall never part:
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

THOMAS GISBORNE.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye,
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh, where?
For I would hasten there;
Tell me; I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe:
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender, from my path have gone;
Oh, guide me with Thy hand,
If thou dost know that land;

For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair:
Where is it? tell me where,
Thou who art kind and gentle, tell me where.

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life,
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife.
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths has trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for him;
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet;
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do thou not despair,
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

From the German, by Mary Howitt.

"FOREVER WITH THE LORD."

OREVER with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that gracious word
E'en here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand;
Then shall I never fail;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat, before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

WHAT joy, while thus I view the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away!
What transport fills my breast!
For, lo! the great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

The festive morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to the hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread th' ethereal floor.

E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
  E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
  And shine with cloudless day.

Hither, from earth's remotest bound,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend, —
  Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
  And hail th' immortal King; —

Great Salem's King, who bids each state
On her decrees dependent wait;
  In her, ere time began,
High on eternal base upreared,
His hands the regal seat prepared
  For Jesse's favored Son.

Let me, blest seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled,
  In thee forever dwell;
Let Charity my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
  And Faith and Hope farewell.

From the Latin of ZWINGER.

MARTYRS' SONG.

WE meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow.
Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
All the same it leads home to God;
Be it furnace-fire voluminous,
One like God's Son will walk with us.

What are these that glow from afar —
These that lean over the golden bar,
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms and hearts of love?
They the blest ones gone before,
They the blest forevermore;
Out of great tribulation they went
Home to their home of Heaven-content;
Through flood, or blood, or furnace-fire,
To the rest that fulfils desire.

What are these that fly as a cloud,
With flashing heads and faces bowed,
In their mouths a victorious psalm,
In their hands a robe and a palm?
Welcoming angels these that shine,
Your own angel, and yours, and mine,

Who have hedged us both day and night,
On the left hand and on the right,
Who have watched us both night and day,
Because the devil keeps watch to slay.

Light above light, and bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter, lo! who is this?
As a King with many crowns he stands,
And our names are graven upon his hands;
As a Priest, with God-uplifted eyes,
He offers for us his sacrifice;
As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,
That we too may live he lives again;
As our Champion behold him stand,
Strong to save us, at God's right hand.

God the Father, give us grace
To walk in the light of Jesus' face;
God the Son, give us a part
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart;
God the Spirit, so hold us up
That we may drink of Jesus' cup.

Death is short, and life is long;
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong;
At his word, who hath led us hither,
The Red Sea must part hither and thither;
At his word, who goes before us too,
Jordan must cleave to let us through.

Yet one pang, searching and sore,
And then heaven forevermore;
Yet one moment, awful and dark,
Then safety within the veil and the ark;
Yet one effort by Christ his grace,
Then Christ forever face to face.

God the Father we will adore,
In Jesus' name, now and evermore;
God the Son we will love and thank,
In this flood and on the further bank;
God the Holy Ghost we will praise,
In Jesus' name, through endless days;
God Almighty, God Three in One,
God Almighty, God Alone.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

COME, ye thankful people, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fires the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Then, thou church triumphant, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever, purified,
In God's garner to abide.
Come, ten thousand angels, come;
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

HENRY ALFORD.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

WE wait for thee, all-glorious One;
We look for thine appearing;
We hear thy name, and on the throne
We see thy presence cheering.
Faith even now
Uplifts its brow,
And sees the Lord descending,
And with him bliss unending.

We wait for thee through days forlorn,
In patient self-denial;
We know that thou our guilt hast borne
Upon thy cross of trial;
And well may we
Submit with thee
To bear the cross, and love it,
Until thy hand remove it.

We wait for thee: already thou
Hast all our hearts' submission;
And though the spirit sees thee now,
We long for open vision,
When ours shall be
Sweet rest with thee,
And pure, unfading pleasure,
And life in endless measure.

We wait for thee with certain hope:
The time will soon be over;
With childish longing we look up,
Thy glory to discover.
Oh, bliss, to share
Thy triumph there,
When home, with joy and singing,
The Lord his saints is bringing!

From the German of HILLER.

THE LORD'S DAY.

O TIME of tranquil joy and holy feeling,
When over earth God's Spirit from above
Spreads out his wings of love;
When sacred thoughts, like angels, come appealing
To our tent-doors, O eve, to earth and heaven,
The sweetest of the seven!

How peaceful are thy skies! thy air is clearer,
As on the advent of a gracious time;
The sweetness of its prime
Blesseth the world, and Eden's days seem nearer;
I hear, in each faint stirring of the breeze,
God's voice among the trees.

Oh, while the hallowed moments are distilling
Their fresher influence on my heart like dews,
The chamber where I muse
Turns to a temple. He whose converse thrilling
Honored Emmaus, that old eventide,
Comes sudden to my side.

'Tis light at evening-time when thou art present:
Thy coming to the eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Christ, its gloom.
So bless my lonely hour, that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast,
Which many days shall last.

Raise each low aim, refine each high emotion,
That with more ardent footsteps I may press
Towards thy holiness;
And, braced for sacred duty by devotion,
Support my cross along that rugged road
Which thou hast sometime trod.

I long to see thee, for my heart is weary.
Oh, when, my Lord, in kindness wilt thou come
To call thy banished home?
The scenes are cheerless, and the days are dreary
From sorrow and from sin I would be free,
And evermore with thee.

Even now I see the golden city shining
Up the blue depths of the transparent air:
How happy all is there!
There breaks a day which never knows declining,
A Sabbath, through whose circling hours the blest
Beneath thy shadow rest.

JAMES D. BURNS.

A PRAYER TO CHRIST.

THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds: there pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
Oh, wondrous grace! Oh, boundless love!

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring —
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside, —
"My Lord, my Love is crucified!"

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren Thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

From the German of DRESSLER,
by WESLEY.

THINGS HOPED FOR.

THESE are the crowns that we shall wear
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

Far off as yet, reserved in heaven,
Above the veiling sky,
They sparkle like the stars of even
To hope's far-piercing eye.

There, with the robes unsoiled and white,
Which then we shall put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

That city with the jewelled crest,
Like some new-lighted sun,
A blaze of burning amethyst, —
Ten thousand orbs in one, —

That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-sand.

There are the everlasting hills,
With summits bathed in day,
The slopes down which the living rills,
Soft-lapsing, take their way.

Fair vision, how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue!
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet so strangely true!

Fair vision, how thou liftest up
The drooping brow and eye,
With the calm joy of thy sure hope
Fixing our souls on high!

Thy light makes e'en the darkest page
In memory's scroll grow fair!
Blanching the hues which tears and age
Had only deepened there.

With thee in view, the rugged slope
Becomes a level way,
Smoothed by the magic of thy hope,
And gladdened by thy ray.

With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles!
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

Time's glory fades; its beauty now
  Has ceased to lure or blind;
Each gay enchantment here below
  Has lost its power to bind.

Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
  And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
  With such a prize in view.

Come, crown and throne! come, robe and
      palm!
  Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
  Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

When shall the clouds that veil thy rays
  Forever be withdrawn?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?
  When shall thy gladness dawn?

H. Bonar.

"CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE."

LING to the mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One —	Heb. i. 22.
He gives relief;	Ps. cxvi. 9.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxiii. 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One —	1 Thess. v. 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii. 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Loving One	1 John iv. 16.
Through all below;	Rom. viii. 38, 39.
Cling to the Pardoning One —	Is. iv. 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One —	Exod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxviii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John i. 7.
Cling to his side;	John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One —	Rom. vi. 9.
In him abide;	John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One —	Rev. xxii. 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One —	Ps. xcvii. 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi. 11.